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No. 425

ISLAM.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

Thy sun is sinking, Islam; fast
About thee falls the night;
Thy horoscope hath long been cast.
The hand that leaves thee but thy Past,
Appeareth now in sight.

Like vultures to a carrion feast Fast thy despoilers come, As fierce as yonder striped beast, Which, in the jungles of the East, Is tyrant of his home.

No longer stems thy turbaned horde, The tide of Northern war; The prestige of thy potent word, The red gleams of Mohammed's sword Sink with thy sinking star!

On Stamboul's minarets shall fall
The ruin of decay;
The lonely heron soon may call
Her truant brood from crumbled wall
Throughout the twilight gray.

Ah! thou shalt never rise again!
Thy glories disappear!
Thy muezzins and thy "allahs" vain!
How fast thy haughty crescents wane
Before the Russian bear!

Forsaken, thou canst chew the husk, This is thy day of woe; A shadow falls upon the mosque, And in the chambers of Kiosk The footsteps of the foe!

Where is thy greatness, Islam?—where?
Hast thou of it been shorn?
The wolves of Europe never spare;
Thy vitals now they seek to tear
As Poland's once were torn.

In darkness fades thy latest day; Thy beard is in the dust; Kingdoms and rulers pass away, And we, as gazing at thee, say That Deity is just!

The Pretty Puritan:

The Mystery of the Torn Envelope.

BY "A PARSON'S DAUGHTER."

"LOVE BEGINS TO SICKEN AND DECAY." The second floor of a quiet little house in Philadelphia, consisted of a suit of rooms handsome as costly and tasteful appointments could make them. The parlor, the elegant boudoir, and the private bath-room, were marvels of elegance compared with the old-fashioned and Quakerish simplicity which marked the other apartments of the house. But then there was no more connection between the different suits

of rooms than between their occupants.
Mrs. Smith, a precise old Quaker widow, and her elderly, precise maiden daughter, owned the house, and to eke out their small income had bold, dark-eyed, handsome man.

After these people had lived a year within this quiet dwelling, Miss Smith remarked to her mother that she regretted that they had given a two-years' lease to the parties.

"Why, 'Becca?" the old lady asked, placidly.

"They have ever paid us the rent promptly, and thou, thyself, sayest what a gentle little woman is Mrs. Torrence; and the man is mostly away; and I am sure thee hast never complained that the waiter from the hotel made dirt ed that the waiter from the hotel made dirt upon the stairs, when he brings the meals."
"No, it's not the dirt, mother, nor any trou-ble. It is that the husband is so seldom here. I can but think there must be something wrong

Nay, nay, 'Becca, thou shouldst not think

of thy neighbors."

But it's hard not to, mother; and Mrs. Tor

"But it's hard not to, mother; and Mrs. Torrence mopes and grieves so when he is away, and he is now oftener and longer away. I declare I would like to know more about them."

"Seek not to know others' affairs, until they need thy help, my daughter. The little woman told me this morning, when I met her upon the stairs and she stopped to ask after my health, that she expected her husband home to-night."

"Home." Pale-tinted walls with gilded cornices, pale moquet carpets, trailed over with "Home." Pale-tinted walls with gilded cornices, pale moquet carpets, trailed over with garlands of flowers as delicately blue and as faintly pink as forget-me-nots and the woody arbutus, pale silken hangings of the inner hue of a sea-shell, and the color of turquoises, satin furniture to match in gilded framework, frosty laces, and dainty pictures, and gleaming statuettes, garnitured these rooms called—"home." But if "home is where the heart is," those rooms were growing less and less a home to Alan Torrence and Elise.

The girl's heart was always with Alan; and

Alan Torrence and Elise.

The girl's heart was always with Alan; and he was now, as Miss Smith had remarked, often and long away from her; for his affection for her was already growing cold.

A man professedly irreligious and unscrupulously worldly, accustomed to denying himself no caprice that promised him passing gratification, Alan Torrence had indulged to the full his fancied love for the pretty little Puritan. He had bound Elise to himself with a tie that she was powerless to break, only to keep her in seclusion, while he lived another life, quite apart from hers, daring not to betray their alliance to the world.

A great poet has written:

And again:

'Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
'Tis woman's whole existence." And Elise was rapidly verifying these truths in her personal experience. She loved Alan Torrence with all the intensity and utter self-Torrence with all the intensity and utter self-abandonment of a morbid, girlish nature like hers, fettered by no other strong ties of affection, and sustained by no fixed principles nor fervent faith; and this love, having one only object, and constituting the entire depth and circumference of her existence, was capable of heart-bitterness, like many another erring soul, was she to learn that the paths of rectitude, however hard to follow, are the only paths of more again—and with him joy. For him Elise was all sunshine and bright-heartedness; he had once told her, sternly, that



Elise lifted her tear-filled eyes and asked, piteously,

suffering the most exquisite torture through the every outlet and inlet of its life.

From the first, she had unquestioningly submitted to Alan. He had said that in his own time—and as soon as practicable—he would introduce her among his friends as his wife. She, troduce her among his friends as his wife. She, though if he had been loving, as a husband should have been, he would have seen in the depths of her brown eyes, and by every line of depths of her brown eyes, and by every line of depths of her brown eyes, and by every line of depths of her brown eyes, and by every line of depths of her brown eyes, and by every line of depths of her brown eyes, and by every line of depths of her brown eyes, and by every line of depths of her brown eyes, and by every line of depths of her brown eyes, and by every line of depths of her brown eyes, and by every line of depths of her brown eyes, and by every line of depths of her brown eyes, and by every line of depths of her brown eyes, and by every line of depths of her brown eyes, and by every line of depths of her brown eyes, and by every line of depths of her brown eyes, and by every line of depths of her brown eyes, and by every line of line and the depths of her brown eyes, and by every line of line and the lin one day be the brightest star, though for the resent they must live in strictest seclusion, and she must have no confidente, no correspendent, no friend, no acquaintance, even, but himself; for him she must sacrifice all things! And Elise had wound her pretty arms about his neck, and nestled her curly head upon his

bosom, and feasting her beauty-worshiping eyes upon Alan's handsome face, had told him that nat was an easy sacrifice to make!

Ah! so it was then! Her whole existence was bound up in Alan's. He was her one source of appiness, and she desired none other; and gave never a thought to those who had cared for her from her infancy; those she had cruelly vronged. Indeed, of voluntarily revealing her wronged. Indeed, of voluntarily revealing her history to her friends she had never dreamed. In their very midst, she had borne her secret without a thought of betraying it. How much less, now, could she confess to them all? Besides, what did they care whether or not she was happy, or what had become of her? she reasoned. They had all conspired to make her unhappy, even Rachel; and Rachel was the only person who had ever been a real companion to her.

Her mother had only cared for her as an object at whom she could fret and moralize; and though she had kissed her father, nightly, for years, that kiss had been but a cold form. She never remembered when he had caught her in his arms, and tumbled her curly hair, and wasted kisses on her little face. He had been no more to her than any other grave, elderly man of business, save that she had been taught to call him father. And she had had no crowd of brothers and sisters to brighten her life and fill it with tender ties. Indeed, her home had always held too much of stern, rigid, religious discipline, and too little of mirth, and pursuit of the beautiful, and mercy, and love, and tender confidences, for Elise to think of it longingly and regretfully, in the first rapturous bliss of life with Alan.

For, at first, this life was one golden dream. She was surrounded with every beauty and Her mother had only cared for her as an ob-

For, at first, this life was one golden dream. She was surrounded with every beauty and luxury that could be crowded into her little home; night after night she went to theater, opera, and concert; and through the summer days Alan improvised many a short delightful trip to spots famous for their scenery; and always, night and day, Alan's love was her failless fountain of bliss. But, as the months went by, Alan was with her less and less, and when he was absent she could get no enjoyment from her paintings nor her statuary, her music nor her books; her heart was not in them, unless he shared them with her, but mourned ceaselessly for its mate. Morning after morning, she took for its mate. Morning after morning, she took her lonely walk and idled away the weary days as best she could; night after night, she wept through weary hours. Then, sometimes, when the morning found her languid and feverish. her mind would wander dreamily back to such days in childhood, when her mother's face had

days in childhood, when her mother's face had worn a look of unwonted kindness and anxiety, and her hands had rested tenderly upon the little hot brow, and Rachel had stolen into the quiet room and kissed and petted her.

Poor little Elise! Only through terrible heart-bitterness, like many another erring soul, was she to learn that the paths of rectitude, however hard to follow, are the only paths of peace.

June had come, and a bright sweet day, and it was to bring Alan. Elise had not seen him since late in March, and she was almost wild since late in March, and she was almost wild with joy. She sung as she went to and fro in her rooms, making them as beautiful as pos-sible, and sat at her piano to play joyous little trills of song. She ordered a store of flowers from the florist, and when the waiter brought her lunch she told him that he was to furnish the choicest of dinners for two. After luncheon she spent hours upon her bath and toilet; laving her throbbing brows and the bounding pulses at her throbbing brows and the bounding puises at her slender wrists in fragrant washes, and rob-ng her tiny figure in blush-rose silk. No longer could she wear the pale blues and cool neutral nues that had so become her pink-and-white heauty but two short years ago. But the blushing pink lent a slight color to her white face, and over the exquisite draperies her fair hair poured a rippling flood. She bound it hair poured a rippling flood. She bound it back with rosy ribbon, clasped milky pearls at throat and wrists, and seated herself at the window to watch for the coming of her Love.

> CHAPTER X. UNDECEIVED.

"OH. Alan! Alan!" A carriage had rolled up to the door of the little Quaker dwelling and Elise had flown down the stairs to meet the traveler.

annoyance, withdrawing himself from her passionate clasp and leading the way to their own

"How could I wait a minute, Alan, when I had not seen you in two long, miserable months?" "I suppose the months were the same length for both of us." he answered is also length

for both of us," he answered, indifferently, throwing himself into an easy-chair.
"If they had been, I think you would have come sooner!" Elise said, with quivering lips, wringing her hands in her efforts to control her

"It is a pity I came now, if fault-finding is be my only reception," Alan retorted, impa-The little pink-robed form threw itself into

his arms, with wild hysteric sobs and laughter.
"A pity you came now, when I am dying! dying!! to see you! Oh! do not be angry with me! Do you not know that I worship you? That I only live in your presence?

ship you? That I only live in your presence? Oh, Alan! love!"
With caresses Alan calmed the storm he had raised, and for a brief hour there was happiness. Then their dinner was brought, and Mr. Torrence ordered the waiter to be early with the breakfast, as he wished to take a morning train to New York. Elise dropped her fork, and extended her hands in mute, anguished supplication, her face blanched and her eyes widewild with pain.

"Well, well," corrected Alan, anxious to avoid a scene of that

well, well, corrected Alan, anxious to avoid a scene at that moment, "bring the breakfast at any hour you choose. Come to think, I will not go back in the morning."
While the water packed the debris of the dinner, Alan went to Elise's desk to write a note, and she stole to his side and sat there patient and sad. Pulling open a drawer to look for paper, the first article that met his eye was

long ago!"
"I could not bear to destroy a line of yours," said Elise, timidly.

"But I certainly did not suppose you were such an idiot as to keep this!" retorted Alan, putting the letter in his pocket and commencing his note.

When the communication was finished, and given to the waiter to post, and they were again alone, Elise dropped upon her knees before

"Oh! Alan, you did not mean—you surely could not have meant—to return to New York

could not have meant—to return to New York in the morning?"

"Yes, I did; and I must go in the afternoon."

"So soon, darling? So soon?" pleaded Elise.

"Think! I have not seen you in two months, and you stay with me only one day!"

"I tell you, once for all, that I shall not come again, if I am to be found fault with," replied Alan impatiently.

again, if I am to be found fault with," replied Alan, impatiently.

Elise dropped her face into her hands and sobbed quietly. Presently she lifted her tearfilled eyes and asked, piteously:

"Alan, do you not love me?"

"Of course I love you, Elise. The proofs of my love are all around you; and I shall come to see you as often as possible. But, I may as well tell you first as last, that you must expect me but seldom."

me but seldom."

Elise looked at him with a strange, startled expression growing upon her face.

"Alan, are you never to take me to New York with you? Never to tell people that I am your wife? Are we never to live together all the time, for years and years, just as we did for a few happy months?"

"You know as well as I do that that is impossible."

"But is it to be impossible always? A year ago you told me the time would soon come; yet the whole year is past and you still say it is impossible! Oh, Alan! if you do not let me live where you live, and be known as your wife—if you do not keep on loving me, I shall die! I shall die!"

Alan Torrence pushed the girl from him, paced the floor a few moments, and then came back and placed her on his lap.

"Listen to me, Elise," he said gently, but firmly. "You know that I love you. I have told you so again and again. I repeat it now; but proclaim this fact to the world, and our connection to the world I cannot; for I have been married."

Elise looked into his face, now, with eyes and cheeks so scorching that no tears were

"But am I not your wife, Alan?"
"Yes, my darling, you and I know that you are my own dear little wife. But do you suppose the world would believe it, in the face of your history? And do you not know that on your own unsupported word, you are powerless to prove it?"

your own unsupported word, you are powerless to prove it?"
Elise's eyes still looked burningly into his; but her dry, parched lips could utter no sound, not even a moan. Alan went on:
"As long as you love me, and I love you, you shall stay here in this pretty little home, and be my little love, and I will come often to see you. Say, Elise, do you love your Alan yet? Will you keep this little haven always ready for him to find here rest, and comfort, and bliss in your sweet presence?"

"Oh, Alan!" and the girl's hard, woeful voice
"Oh, Alan!" and the girl's hard, woeful voice
"What choice have I?"

Without you, your presence, and your love, I should die! So I must stay! I must do anything you are my world and my life!"

Alan Torrence had gained his point. He understood Elise's nature well enough, by this time, to be sure that, unlike most women, she would, even in the face of this confession, still yield to his power and dictation. Other women's affections would have lessened with this outrage put upon them; other women would have grown vengeful and asserted themselves against any such plans to keep their lives one long, disgraceful secret. But Alan knew that the sum and substance of Elise's life was her love for him; and though he had already grown tirred of the girl's clinging passion, since he had burdened himself with her, he had no choice but to still play upon that love, and keep her in subjection to such of his wishes as would make her the least trouble to him.

Now that he had told her, of what he himself had long known, that he should never proclaim her as his wife, he relapsed into his old-time, most ardent and lover-like tenderness; and under his impassioned caresses, and burning love-words, Elise was faintly happy. Even at their parting, next day, for Alan's sake, she tried to hide her misery. But when he was gone, and she had watched the carriage down the street until she could no longer see it, nor even hear its clatter upon the pavement, she threw herself upon the floor, and buried her wan, white face among the delicate blossoms of the costly carpet and moaned:

"Alan! Alan! Oh, Alan!"

And God pity the woman who wails the name of lover or husband with such utter despair in her voice!

CHAPTER XI.

WILDE MANOR AND ITS GUESTS.

WILDE MANOR AND ITS GUESTS.

"WHAT success have you met with?—less than you hoped, I see by your faces," cried Miss Gardiner, as Rachel and Eric joined her at the Grand Central Depot.

Mrs. Lysson described the visit to Mrs. Stanford and the conversation that had ensued.

"And now," she concluded, "the hour has come when we must say good-by."

"What? You take to-morrow's steamer!" exclaimed Agnes.

"I think we shall," said Mr. Lysson. "There is so little clew to follow: we only know that a medium-sized man, with dark eyes, and brown hair and beard, and nice voice and manners, came from Baltimore or Philadelphia, to New York, in June, and gave to Mrs. Stanford that envelope. Hundreds of men would answer to such a description; but I shall write to Guy of all that has happened; and if he thinks it possible to trace the person, by means of plausibly-worded advertisements, he will probably stay a few weeks in New York upon his way to England. few weeks in New York upon his way to England. At present, Miss Agnes, I shall bequeath my mantle to you. Since you discovered the envelope I shall return it to you, and let you ex-

envelope I shall return it to you, and let you exercise your detective powers."

"Oh, no; please do not! I can assure you that any efforts of mine to do detective business would prove most ignominious failures; and neither at Wilde Manor nor at home will there be the slightest opportunity for me to learn any-thing concerning Elise. Besides, it seems to me that Mr. Chandor is the proper person to have

that Mr. Chandor is the proper person to have this envelope."
"Under ordinary circumstances, Miss Agnes, I should disdain to confess to entertaining the smallest amount of superstition; but the manner in which you came to bring the envelope and its mystery again to light seems so peculiar that I must say I have a desire that you should retain possession of it, in the hope that through you may come some further discovery. I will give you this other bit of writing; you see they are not at all alike; and with your permission, are not at all alike; and with your permission, send Guy a letter of introduction to you, that if he desires to prosecute further inquiries he may call and get those papers from you in per-

Agnes laughed; yet she felt some little womanly curiosity to see the young Englishman who had lost his bride under such mysterious

who had lost his bride under such mysterious circumstances.

"Very well; I will consent to become custodian, for the time being, of the documents in question; though I have no faith in your idea that through me will come any further developments concerning this case."

Nevertheless Miss Gardiner put the papers away in her elegant portemonnaie; and as the train which was to bear her back to the gayeties of Wilde Manor moved slowly out of the depot, she wondered, idly, if Mr. Lysson's pre sentiment could possibly be true; and these papers in some way be connected with her own fate; and she destined to make further discoveries concerning them. Then she thought of cries concerning them. Then she thought of Carl Van Alst, and Wilde Manor, and smiled at the improbability of the idea; and with her feet upon a hassock, and a new book open upon her lap, had quite banished such odd fancies, when the train slackened its speed at the river-side station where her journey terminated

carl Van Alst was upon the platform, and at just the right car to give Agnes his hand, with a look that said more of welcome than a score of words could have done; and the Wildes' phaeton, with its span of black ponies, waited near. So Carl was to drive her up to the manner through the sweet-scorted days twilight. or, through the sweet-scented, dewy twilight, just as Agnes had imagined he would—for even the best regulated and most orthodox female heart will, occasionally, indulge in such idle

dreamings.

"And what have you been doing at the Manor during my absence, Mr. Van Alst?" asked Agnes, when they were cosily ensconced, side by side, and he had given the ribbons to

the fleet ponies.

"We have had croquet, and quoits, and shooting, and drives, and rides, and walks, as usual; but all have seemed utterly dull without you, Miss Agnes."

r, rather, Miss Rodwell and Marion Dare have been less entertaining than usual, and you yourself, perhaps, afflicted with an attack of in-

rose almost to a scream. "What choice have I? unknown malady to me; and the ladies were —what choice have I? I live only for you. never more entertaining. By the way, we have

had reinforcements since your departure. Quite a crowd of visitors arrived this morning, and Mrs. Wilde is in her element—though she is devoutly longing for the return of her vice-gerent. But even our charming hostess cannot have been as utterly unhappy during your absence as your humble servant."

"That is because she is sustained by the consciousness of duties to be performed. I have little charity for those people who have nothing to do but be unhappy, and indulge the feeling as a sort of luxury."

"You are merciless, Miss Agnes. Do you intend me to understand that you condemn my unhappiness?"

"Oh, do not think it is that?" he cried, quickly, feeling by instinct that Agnes was thinking of his marriage. "I admired the cousin whom circumstances ordained should be my wife for so brief a season, but I did not love her; and I feel that fate was only kind to both of us in freeing us from the burden of a life-long mistake. No; I had never known love then!"

There was no misunderstanding the intent of this explanation, nor the meaning that pervaded Mr. Van Alst's voice as he spoke that last sentence. But when he lightly changed the subject to that of the new guests, Agnes, for the first time, wondered if this man could be only playing at love. Her heart gave a sharp throb of pain for a moment, and then her perfect lips curled disdainfully at the thought of any man trifling with her, or of ever guessing that he had won her preference until he first avowed his own. For Agnes Gardiner, in her proud young womanhood and with her worldly training, was the last person, whether she married for interest or for love, to vulgarly let her motives be seen—to wear her heart upon her sleeve.

"There are Mr. De Lancy, a bachelor very

There are Mr. De Lancy, a bachelor very old and very rich; my uncle and father-in-law, Mr. Frederick Van Alst; John Richmond, and a very insipid little Englishman, Willis Leonard

by name."
"And the ladies?" queried Agnes.
"Mrs. Lorrimer, Miss Lorrimer, and Miss

"Miss Lorrimer! Are you at all acquainted with her? Is her name Blanche?" asked Miss Gardiner, with quick interest.
Carl Van Alst carefully scrutinized his companion's face while he seemed only to be watch-

ing the ponies, as he answered:
"I am acquainted with the family. During
my first long stay in New York I used to visit
there somewhat, and Miss Lorrimer's name is Blanche. May I ask if you are acquainted with

Blanche. May I ask it you are acquainted with her?"

"Not in the least—I never saw her until last evening; she was at Thomas's with a little brunette and a fine-looking elderly gentleman."

"My uncle and Issalene Sanfrey, doubtless; both young ladies are his wards. Were you attracted by Blanche's beauty? She is considered rather unusually beautiful."

"Yes, I thought her so; but her chief attraction to me is the fact that she was a school-chum of a young lady in whom I am greatly interested. I quite long to make Miss Lorrimer's acquaintance."

ance."

"And you will speedily have the opportunity," said Carl, giving the ponies a cut that sent them flying faster toward a possible discovery of a new clew to Elise Chandor's fate. "I have not told you the latest sensation," he continued, as they neared the manor gates. "Mrs. Wilde gives a lawn-party to-morrow, with afternoon tea, a dance, and supper after the ball, Besides the guests at the manor, all of the best families about here are invited."

"Mrs. Wilde's first lawn-party of the season! It is sure to be pleasant; her parties always are."

"I shall enjoy it, if you promise me at least half a dozen dances; otherwise I shall be bored

"You are most moderate in your demands! I will promise three—one lanciers and two waltzes—and trust that you will survive."

"How cruel you are! Nevertheless, I receive smallest favors gratefully at your hands; and if ou enjoy yourself, I shall find enjoyment in watching you. Do you know that acquaintance with you has added quite a new and blissful flavor to my life, Miss Agnes?"
"How could I know it? But I am sure it is a

pleasant thing to learn. Is it because I enjoy

myself?"

"It is because you are so thoroughly fresh and vigorous in mind and body. You afford a man such charming mental companionship and you fairly fascinate him with your capacity for purely physical happiness. It seems as if the mere bare fact of existence is enjoyment to you."

"I believe it is," laughed Agnes, "when the air is clear and I have had a pleasant ride!"

And she sprang from the phacton upon the marble steps at Wilde Manor, where her hostess waited to welcome her, and carry her away to

waited to welcome her, and carry her away to the delicious little dinner that was being served r her in the cosey little breakfast-room.
While she ate her dinner, Miss Gardiner's

thoughts reverted to the subject that the proximity of the Lorrimers kept vivid. These people had known Elise—had entertained her at their home during one of the gayest seasons of life in town. Might not Elise have formed some friendship there that had influenced her

True, Miss Lorrimer had written Rachel that she had known of no gentleman paying attentions to Elise, nor of Elise writing to any one but her own family. But how did they know that Miss Lorrimer was to be trusted? Might not Blanche, herself, feel in a degree responsible for some unfortunate acquaintrance. Elise had

for some unfortunate aequaintance Elise had formed, and so deny all knowledge of it? Agnes longed to question Miss Lorrimer, and the chance to do so was afforded her in a very few minutes after she had donned an evening dress and appeared in the drawing-room. The two ladies were introduced just as Miss Lorrimer had left the piano for a seat near the window.

Will you not sit here?" Blanche asked, moving to one end of the little tete-a-tete. As Miss Gardiner accepted the seat, she added: "Is it not quite odd, Miss Gardiner, that we should

yes; and I am particularly glad that it has hap-pened so, for the lady friend who was with me recognized you as having been a room-mate of her sister at Vassar."

You do not mean Elise Wallbridge?" "Yes; the lady with me was Mrs. Lysson."
"Then you know Elise? You can tell me all

No, I had hoped that, possibly, you could The two young women regarded each other

silently for a moment, Agnes with steady, intent gaze, Blanche with glowing hauteur.
"I think," said Blanche, coolly, breaking the silence, "that you must have made some mistake

arding me."
I think I have, and I ask your pardon," responded Miss Gardiner, gracefully. Already she was convinced that Blanche Lorrimer was innocent of any knowledge of her chum's fate.
"I had only hoped that having been Elise's friend, once, you had at some time become her confidente, and could help me to some knowledge of the secret of her life."

"The secret of her life,"

"The secret of her life—and you cannot tell me about her, nor where she is?" asked Blanche

wonderingly."
"I can tell you a little—if you care to know;"
and, briefly, Agnes related Elise's history,
ending with her belief that Elise had been coerced into an elopement with some former

as a sort of luxury."

"You are merciless, Miss Agnes. Do you intend me to understand that you condemn my unhappiness?"

"I condemn you in no wise, and I do not believe you know what positive unhappiness is, and you have not told me who the new guests are?" answered Agnes, lightly.

Carl Van Alst's dark brows contracted troublously a moment, but he spoke, gayly:

"Have you forgotten the proverbial skeleton in every closet, that you feel so positive that I have never known unhappiness?"

"Yes; or, rather, I hoped you had been an exception," said Miss Gardiner, with a sudden charming gentleness and self-reproach.

"Oh, do not think it is that!" he cried, quickly, feeling by instinct that Agnes was thinking of his marriage. "I admired the cousin whom circumstances ordained should be my wife for

whispered, fiercely, as Agnes Gardiner concluded her story of Elise. "Could it have been Alan she ran away with? She certainly loved himand he her! Her! an inspid little Puritan, instead of me! I wish I could kill them both, or rather discover their secret and proclaim it to the world!"

the world!"

The little Cuban fairly hissed the last words between her tiny clenched teeth, and the man who heard them involuntarily recoiled from this exhibition of a girl's hot, vindictive hatred. He tossed away his cigar, and went quietly back along the veranda, to the brilliantly-lighted hallway.

(To be continued)

(To be continued—commenced in No. 422.)

One of Life's Tragedies.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

EMPHATICALLY a woman's room, all seagreen tints and mother-of-pearl, with the golden pipes of an organ going up to the domed roof, and the girl, whose bower of beauty this had been, looking around upon that familiar scene for the last time

the last time.

"Oh, dear, dear," moaned poor aunt Ashley, weeping piteously. "I don't know how you feel, Rose Mabel, but I'd as soon the coffin-lid shut down atop of me."

A shiver went over Rose Mabel, and she became conscious of Dillaye's eyes fixed upon her.

"What do you think about it?" he asked, as he drew her away toward the stairs. "Because a great pile of bricks has tumbled down and brought us with it. are we not to be comforted.

by some compensating good?"

"Don't ask me," impatiently. "I can't feel resigned; but to die, to go out into the cold and darkness, to molder away and be nothing but the dust under men's feet—I can't bear to think of it!"

of it!"

"Well, but in life," he urged. "In going to work bravely and building the splendid edifice up again. I confess that I like this idea of carving out my own destiny, of taking fate into my own hands and proving myself the conqueror. Which will you do, Rose—share the glory of the effort or await the result?"

"I should be afraid to struggle for my kingdom, afraid of being one of the conquered. I will wait."

"But you would fall to my share and I would be merciful," he said, with that overmastering flash in his eyes, which kept her still and drain-ed the blood from her face as it had done the first time she had seen it there, months before. It was when the first shadow of the coming dieseters fall upon them. There was a green

It was when the first shadow of the coming disasters fell upon them. There was a gay company in her uncle's parlors, her uncle's young business partners, Dillaye and Mark Colton, among them. Suddenly she saw the latter grow white to the lips.

"Miss Elworthy," said he, bending and smiling for the rest while the abject terror in his face was reserved for her sight alone. "I am a defaulter for fifty thousand dollars. I came here to-night to keep clear of suspicion until I could get away, but I am too late unless you help me. Dobbins, the cashier, has just gone into the study with your uncle, and there's a policeman stationed outside. I will give you the money if you will get me out of the house. I have had the weight of dishonesty on my conscience long enough; all I ask is a chance to escape."

Impelled by woman's sympathy, she had almost succeeded in opening the way for him, when Dillaye appeared, blocking up their course.

"I will not be taken alive," gasped Colton, desperately.
"Very well then, dead if you prefer," said
Dillaye, with the utmost coolness, without an

effort to snatch away the weapon which the de-tected man had turned upon himself. Some one else did it in time to divert the ball from its deadly aim. Rose Mabel was carried

out in strong hysteries, and exhibited symptoms of a relapse the next time she met Dillaye.
"After he had made restitution, when you knew he would have killed himself!" was her ndignant reproach.
"Justice is justice all the same

Woe to the creature dependent upon his cy, thought she.

ery different from the grand mansion she had left was the compact, plain old house, to which Rose Mabel was returning, after a five

years' absence.

"How she will feel the change," said her sister Tressy, as the time of her arrival drew near. "I wish it was a brighter day. It will be hard enough for poor Mab without seeing the vorst side of us, as she will do under such

our sister must remember that we made a sacrifice for her," said their mother, but Tressy saw some of her own uneasiness reflected in the

The rain began to fall in a monotonous drip. the budding shrubs and early crocuses in the garden could not redeem the outlook from utter dreariness, and in the midst of it Tressy flew to the door, and threw her arms about the tall fig-ure in its damp wraps, amid which the pale,

weary face was imperfectly visible.

"Now you have kissed mother, come straight up to my room, Mab. I want you all to myzelf for five minutes before supper."

"What a cosey nest it is," said Rose, when she was divested of her shawls and seated in the glow of the firelight, which brought out a glitter in her russet, brown hair and lit the wine.

the interior which fought out a gni-ter in her russet-brown hair, and lit the wine-dark eyes shining forth from a flawless face. Tressy watched her with eager devotion. "Dr. Winter told us what a reigning queen you were," said she, "but he didn't do you half justice, after all. He made me afraid you would not be content with this quiet home after that splendid one."

It seems like rest just now. Does he come

"Who! Oh, Rand Winter; yes, very often. And Mab, dear, he says that Mr. Dillaye is one of the grandest men he ever knew."

No answer. Rose was staring into the fire with an expression on her unsmiling face which comehow chilled Tressy's ardor. The former

observed the change after a moment, and began talking.

"You winsome little thing! Where do you get all your brightness? It is easy to see that you are the sunshine of the house. One could almost believe in absolute happiness after a look into your eyes."

It is easy to see that you are the sunshine of the house. One could almost believe in absolute happiness after a look into your eyes."

It is easy to see that you are the sunshine of the house. One could import the property of the proper

into your eyes."

"Why not?" laying her crimson cheek against the other's shoulder. "I am going to be married soon," she whispered.

A little start; then rigidity stole over Rose Mabel, though she forced herself to speak

so blessed—Rand Winter? Is it that brings him here so often?"

"Poor little Elise! She was such a gentic little thing! I cannot understand it. Certainly she could not have been in love while I knew her?" Miss Lorrimer asserted, posifively.

"The whole matter is enveloped in a dreadful mystery, and so painful a one that you will be so kind as to keep it an inviolable secret."

"Most certainly, "said Blanche, gravely. And the the should see some shale with furious hate and passion.

"Most certainly," said Blanche, gravely. And the word is the should should be so kind as a balaze with furious hate and passion.

"Soe managed to return without exciting the suspicion of including here of the seat, whose face was ablaze with furious hate and passion.

Is alselen that she pell from the marble veranda into the bay-window, trending thus to enter the parlor, when the curversation being carried on, the other stand point of the fact that and site and passion.

Is alselen that she she curversation being carried on, the other stand and enjoy as you go along, that's my notto. So, Dillaye has taken all the responsibility upon a cigar, and admiring her statuesque attitude.

"So that is what has become of her?" Issalene whispered, fercely, as Agnes Gardiner concluded the story of Elise. "Could it have been alan she par an away with?" She certainly loved him.

Search and the could not be conversation being carried on, the other standards and con

"Sorry! I wish with all my heart I had never left it." Not her words so much as the passionate voice startled every one there. Then they remembered how close this loss bore upon her,

membered how close this loss bore upon her, how they had given her up for her own good when childless uncle Ashley came with his proposition to adopt Rose as his heiress, and now they measured her feelings by theirs. Five years lost from their loving home hearts; of course she shared their regret for them!

Spring opened up swiftly that year. It was more like May than an April day when Rose drove to the station for an expected visitor. The household were surprised to see her come back alone. She was still standing upon the steps.

alone. She was still standing upon the steps, flushed from the drive and radiant with an exhilaration of spirits which made indoors seem irksome, when Dr. Winter rode up.

"A dispatch for you, Miss Elworthy. The messenger missed you at the station, it appears, and my happening in this direction saved him a trin"

rip." "Expect me in two hours. DILLAYE,'" read Rose. "Oh, I suppose he had occasion to stop somewhere on the way. Will not that prospect tempt you to stay for the evening, Dr. Winter?"

winter?"
"I came ready to be persuaded," smiled Rand,
though the bitter accent which had broken into
that question had not escaped him.
It was not the first evening he had passed at

the house.

"I have a line from Dillaye," he had announced on that occasion. "He asks me to see that you are not left to fall into the stagnation of dullness."

'Thank Mr. Dillaye for causing you to re-

""

"Where one cannot be principal he is lucky to be substitute. I am aware of my privilege," said Rand. He felt as if that note had put him upon his honor. If he could have overcome his own difficulties, he could not betray his friend's truct.

have overcome his own difficulties, he could not betray his friend's trust,

The quartette, made by the appearance of Tressy and her lover, were promenading the veranda in the moonlight, two hours later.

The sound of galloping hoofs rung up from the road; in another moment Dillaye sprung from the saddle and stood before them.

"Time!" he called out. "Fifteen seconds to spare. Bravo, Heckla, good old fellow! Miss Elworthy, he would appreciate a lump of sugar from your hand after this feat, I think."

Trees flow for the sweet and Rose ren down.

think."

Tressy flew for the sweet, and Rose ran down the steps to stroke the dripping neck of the quivering steed.

"You don't mean that you rode him from the

city? "Just that. Missed the train, you see, by a hair's-breadth, and I had no choice." 'I never break faith when I have once pledged

my word."
"And you would ride Heckla within an inch of his life to keep such a trivial promise! I wonder what you would do if one were to break faith with you? For my part, I would expect to be

killed on the spot."
"Better not try the experiment," jested Dillaye, following after the boy, who appeared to take charge of his horse. Tressy put her arm about her sister with a squeeze of wordless sympathy when they were alone in their room that night.

Well, little mouse?" "What a triffe it was to lose the fortune, and how glad I am for what you have left, Mab. Rand says, that much as he always esteemed Dillaye, the work he is doing now makes him admire him more."

Always Dillaye! Poor Rose Mahel! No wonder the feeling of restfulness at first coming home, and yes!—her own heart acknowledged it, so why should she not tell it?—at coming nearer to Rand, should have deserted her. What could she do if he was determined to leave

rressy's wedding was at hand. May now, but treemed as if April, beguiled of her fair pro-portion of tears, had bequeathed their burden. The wedding-day was dismal as bride ever saw. Rose shuddered with superstition, and Teessy

laughed at her fears.
"I shall have Will. No bad luck can come to quite offset that.' love and trust! Poor Rose Mabel! Sight of it, somehow, was as depressing as the

day.

Dillaye arrived at the last minute. He kissed the bride and put her into the carriage, and went back to the firelit parlor, impatient for the opportunity, which was hours in coming, before he was left alone with Rose. She had seen what was at hand, and avoided it while she

Your kingdom next," he began. imagine I was going to be put off and made to wait? I've worked like a tiger, and here is the result. Look, Rose! Only think of the power these few bits of rusting paper hold. They mean that I am a free man again; the thrall of debt lifted; more than all, Rose, they mean "you"."

Rose did look, with a flame of angry passion in her eyes. One moment Dillaye stood with the bonds held loosely in his hand, the next she had snatched them and flung the fluttering heap into the blazing grate-fire. The suddenness of that mad act no street he. that mad act paralyzed his energies for an instant; then Rose shrunk with a cry, turned and

fled in utter terror.

The black night closed down, the rain, which had been falling all day, was driven now by intermittent gusts; a break came in the mass of clouds, and Dr. Winter, driving slowly over the heavy country road, was startled indescribably by an apparition in the midst of that loneliness

and gloom.

"Rand!" the voice sharp with fright. "It is I, Rose. Take me up. Now turn about and drive for your life—for my life. I have ruined Dillaye, and he will kill me!"

Through her wild excitement and incoherency, he succeeded only in understanding that she had some real grounds for fear, and then arose, faintly borne by the wind, the steady, oncoming sound of pursuit.

Rose cowered, dumbly. Rand urged on his horse but the rea was too unequal to leaf long.

rode abreast, and Dillaye called clearly:

"Hold on, Rand! You must give her up to
me. Rose, you can't escape me. Stop, or I'll
drop your horse in his tracks."

He was circling ahead now. Rose made a desperate grasp at the reins, tearing them from
Rand's checking hand; then came a flash cutting
the darkness, and Rand's arms caught her as she
fell, shot through the heart.

For Dillaye, the blooded animal he rode gave
one tremendous bound at that report, regared

one tremendous bound at that report, reared under the strong curb, and fell backward a erushing weight that instantly annihilated the "What an idea! Rand isn't a marrying man.
Has his mother and two sisters to support, you with energy and hope, rejoicing in his well-

Memories of days that have perished,
And faded like friendships away—
Dreamings so tenderly cherished,
And bright as the blossoms of May.
They'll bloom 'mid my soul-thoughts forever,
Bedewed by the tear-drops that fall,
And the path that winds down to the river
Other hours seems yet to recall.

When over the fields in the twilight

When over the fields in the twinght
We wandered that happy day,
And kissed at the bars in the moonlight
As the waters stole softly away.
The dew of the morning still gleaming
By the meadow-path jewels the flowers,
Though of angels my darling is dreaming,
And I of those happier hours.

Joe Phenix, THE POLICE SPY.

story of the Great City of the Western World in the light and in the shade; in the broad glare of the noonday sun and under the silver beams of the moon; a tale of the men who prey, shark-like, upon their kind, and of the secret blood-

hounds of the law, who, through many a devious, winding way, hunt the wily villains down to their dark, dishonored graves.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

CHAPTER XVII.

CLOSE QUESTIONING. DRAWING in the oars, the man bent forward and removed the heavy cloth from the mouth

and removed the heavy cloth from the mouth of Brocet.

Despite the knowledge that he was no match for the stranger, even if he had had the free use of his arms instead of being so securely hampered by the handcuffs, Brocet attempted to rise, but with a single pressure of his powerful hand the man forced him down.

"Keep quiet" he cried, sternly, "unless you want me to make you food for the fishes! If I should pitch you out of this boat, handcuffed as you are, it wouldn't be long before you would find your way to the bottom."

Despite his cool nerves, Brocet shivered; such a death would indeed be a horrible one, and he had quite sense enough to know that he was helpless in the power of the man who had captured him so skillfully.

"What do you mean by this outrage?" Brocet cried, indignantly, putting on a bold face, although he felt far from being easy in his mind.

"You walked right into the trap, didn't you?" said the stranger, quietly. "I had an idea that I was going to be followed, although I never took the trouble to look around to see whether it was so or not."

"You shall answer to the law for this out-

was so or not."
"You shall answer to the law for this out rage!" Brocet blustered.
"Oh, don't you bother about the law; mebbe
you'll get all the law you want before you

die."
"What do you mean by this assault?"
"Why, I want to have a nice, quiet talk with you," the Texan replied. "And a better spot than this couldn't be found in, or around, this big city. And then, too, if I find you ugly and not disposed to answer my questions, all I've got to do is to drop you overboard, and you'll go to the bottom pretty soon, with those handcuffs on unless you're a better swimmer

you'll go to the bottom pretty soon, with those handcuffs on, unless you're a better swimmer than the majority of men are."

"You wouldn't murder me!" Brocet cried.

"No, not if you answer my questions, but if you're inclined to be ugly, you'll find that I can be ugly, too; and I've got you in a fix here so that I can knock you on the head if I take a mind to do it, and toss you overboard without anybody being the wiser."

Again Brocet felt the cold shivers creeping over him; this man seemed as implacable as

over him; this man seemed as implacable as

Well, what is it that you wish to know?" Oh, quite a number of things! In the first ce, who set you on to tracking me to-night?" 'No one," replied Brocet, promptly. That's a lie!" the Texan cried.

"No it ain't!" replied Brocet, earnestly. "I overheard your conversation to-night with my master, and I followed you, intending to overtake you and see if I couldn't sell you a little in-

Well, you did overtake me, but not exactly in the way you expected," the man remarked dryly. "What information can you give me?" "About Victor Vanderwolf."

"Ah! that is exactly what I was going to ask you; he is alive, isn't he?" "No?" and the Texan was evidently disap-

"Yes, so the other one said, but I don't believe it; but if he is really dead—that is, if you believe he is, what information in regard to him

was you going to give me?"
"I wasn't going to give it," responded Brocet, sulkily. "I was going to offer to sell it to "Well, I reckon that we won't quarrel about that now; spit out your story; if it is worth anything to me you shall be paid, and liberally,

"Oh, it's only about Victor's death—the year and where he died; but if you don't believe that he is dead, of course you won't care to hear it "

believe at all-it doesn't matter to me where he

died or when."
"What else do you want to know?"
"Is Leopold Vanderwolf married?"

Has he ever been married?"
No, sir, not that I ever knew. Does Magdalena Avala reside in your mas-Brocet answered in the affirmative, but look-

of astonished at the question.

"Is she not Leopold Vanderwolf's wife?"

"Oh, no, she's the housekeeper." Brocet was decidedly amazed at this question.

"Magdalena Avala is Leopold Vanderwolf's housekeeper." housekeeper, eh?" the stranger muttered, evidently puzzled by the statement.

"How long is it since you saw Victor Vanderwolf?" asked the Texan, abruptly, returning again to the former subject.

I never saw him. No, sir; he had gone away before I entered Mr. Leopold's service."
"Do you know anything of this Victor by

Not much."

Vanderwolf.

"Oh, no, that ain't the way to put it!" the
Texan exclaimed. "I have nothing to do with
Leopold Vanderwolf; my business is with Victor. I have the best of reasons for thinking that "Alive!" cried Brocet, astonished at the positive tone in which the other spoke.
"Yes, not only alive but in New York and in close communication with his brother Leopold, or, if not with him, with this woman, Magdalana Avala."

lena Avala.

lena Avala."

"Well, it may be so," Brocet admitted,
"but I doubt it."

"I don't," the Texan replied, firmly, "but
don't you think that you are skillful enough to
find out whether it is so or not?"

"Perhaps I am, but it's hard to go against the
man who has always paid me well."

"It has nothing to do with him, unless he is
shielding his brother; and then, too, how long
would this Vanderwolf keep you if you were
not useful to him? Why, he'd kick you out tomorrow!"

Perhaps he would."

"Perhaps he would."
"You know he would! Pm offering you a good thing, very little trouble and plenty of money for it!"
"How much?" asked Brocet, tersely.
"Now you're coming down to business," the stranger remarked. "Give me certain proof that Victor Vanderwolf is alive and I'll pay a hundred dollars; find out for me where he is—under what name he is hiding—so that I can put my hands upon him and I'll give you another hundred."
"What do you want him for?" asked Brocet,

other hundred."

"What do you want him for?" asked Brocet, abruptly, astonished at these liberal offers.

"That's my business," replied the other, "and it has nothing to do with you."

"And suppose I refuse?" questioned Brocet, in a dogged sort of way.

"Then, young man, I shall make it my business to get you into a fix, so that you'll stand a chance of being railroaded into the State prison unless you do my bidding," the stranger replied, coolly.

"Why, who are you?" asked the other, "A police spy," answered the man, throwing open his coat, and showing a small silver star,

pinned thereon.
"Well, I'll do n y best for you," Brocet cried, quickly, making up his mind to try for the two

hundred.

"And even if you don't succeed you shall have something for your trouble. A line addressed to J. Phenix, Police Headquarters, Mulberry street, will reach me at any time."

The police spy had scored a hit this time and no mistake.

CHAPTER XVIII

CHAPTER XVIII.

A CUNNING TRICK.

THE Bohemian turned and confronted the man, who had so strangely accosted him, in haughty surprise.

"Did you speak to me, sir?" he exclaimed.

"Of course," the police spy replied, for it was Joe Phenix, still assuming the character of the Texan cattle-drover. "How are you, Victor? Den't, you remember me?"

Don't you remember me?"
"You are laboring under a mistake, sir, my name is not Victor." Ain't you Victor Vanderwolf?"

"Oh, you're joking!" No, sir, I am not joking!" Bohemian, evidently beginning to lose his temper, and plainly betraying it.
"Do you mean to tell me that your name ain't Victor Vanderwolf, and that you ain't an

old pard of mine?'
"Yes, sir, I do mean to tell you so; that is not

my name, and I never saw you before in my life, to the best of my recollection." ell, what is your name, anyhow?" "I think, sir, that that is my business, and not yours, and as I'm in something of a hurry, you'll have to excuse me," and, acting on the word, the Bohemian turned upon his heel and

strode away.

Phenix watched him for a few minutes in silence, a peculiar light shining in his keen

eyes.
"It is my bird, sure enough!" he muttered at last, losing sight of the Bohemian's tall figure in the crowd. "No need to track him, for now that I know who he is I can put my finger on him at any time. At last I hold in my hands the key to the whole mystery; this accidental meeting has revealed everything to me, and blind idiot that I am! I never suspected it before. A cunning trick, and yet so simple; but what is he doing in this quarter? What game is he up to now? Well, time will reveal that. For the present I must let my private wrongs rest until I have completed this public busi-

Crossing over to Fourth avenue, the spy took a car for down-town, and alighted at that gloomy pile in Center street, known popularly

Presenting a card, he was at once admitted into the building and conducted to the cell where the Frenchman, Louis Girond, meditated upon the ups and downs of this uncertain The light from the corridor illuminated the cell quite brightly, but keen-eyed as was the cute son of modern Gaul, he did not recognize

the police spy in his disguise although he scan-ned him closely.

ned him closely.

"A visitor, Louis," said the keeper, ushering the man into the cell and then withdrawing and locking the door carefully behind him.

The spy waited until the keeper was fairly out of sight and hearing, and then he made sundry mysterious signs; but French Louis only stared at him in astonishment—astonishment a little too strong to be real.

The signs finished, the spy looked inquiringly at the prisoner.

the prisoner.
What do you want?" cried the wily rascal,

"What do you want?" cried the wily rascal, roughly; "I do not know you!"
"I come from the captain."
"What captain?"
"Captain Shark."
"Captain Shark! and who is he?"
"Why do you not answer the signs? I am a brother." brother-brother what?"

"A brother—brother with you?—are you "No, mon Dieu! but I think you must be, with your rubbish about the captain and those signs, whatever they mean!" the Frenchman re-

"See," and again the spy made the signs.
"Bah, bah," cried the prisoner, "I know not hat you mean!" what you mean!"
"The captain wants to know if you want any

"Tools?"
"Yes, see," and the spy lifted up one foot and

"He was pretty wild, wasn't he?"
"Yes, I believe so," answered Brocet, who was somewhat surprised at such questions from a man who had professed to be an intimate "Yes, see," and the spy lifted up one foot and in a very dextrons manner unscrewed the heavy boot-heel and took it off; it was hollow and contained some tiny little saws, a jointed file, a lit-

tle bottle of oil and a small piece of black putty. The saws and file were to cut the irons, the oil to lubricate, and the black putty to fill up the cracks so as to prevent discovery in case of

an examination, not too closely made.
"Oh, no, my friend, I need none of these things!" the Frenchman exclaimed; "I am an innocent man and on my trial the truth will come out. You cannot sell me any of these toys." But, even as he spoke, the little, sharp eyes of the "cracksman" gloated over the delicate instruments, the finest kit of "tools" he There is nothing to pay; the captain sent

The Frenchman had half a mind to accept,

but he feared a trap; the messenger was a stranger and he distrusted him.

"I know nothing of your captain, and you are laying a trap for me, but it won't work, my friend. I am too old a bird to be caught by

"All right; you can do as you please," and the spy screwed on the boot-heel again. Hardly had he performed the task when the keeper passed along the corridor and looked in-to the cell.

Come, hurry up! You mustn't stay long!" said, "it's time you were out of this; it's against all the rules, anyway, to have you here, at this hour."

"I came to see the gentleman upon important

"I came to see the gentleman upon important business and so an exception was made in my favor, but I am ready to go now, unless Mr. Girond has something more to say," and the spy turned to the Frenchman.

The prisoner understood that this was his last chance, but he was too wily a rogue to be caught in the skillfully-laid trap and he only shook his head, so the spy departed.

Then he was conducted to the cell occupied by the Italian, Lucca. Care had been taken to place the confederates in different tiers.

We will not weary the reader with the details of the interview, for the second attempt was but a repetition of the first and equally as unsuccessful.

Firmly the Italian refused to answer the signs and denied all knowledge of the "captain."

The elever device of the police authorities had failed; the prisoners were not to be tricked into

betraying the leader who stood in the back-ground and planned the evil schemes.

The experiment was not tried upon the wo-man, for in the beginning it was decided that it

tween the arrest of the prisoners and their trial, which was hurried forward with all possible speed, the entire machinery of the police department was put into operation to secure the arrest of the broker, Percy, who was mentioned in the dying declaration of the murdered Bull-caster but the search was in vain. All that caster, but the search was in vain. All that could be discovered was that some years ago there had been a fellow, not exactly a broker, but what is commonly termed a curb-stone operator, a man who carried his office in his hat, as the saying is, by the name of Percy, known in Wall street. But the man had utterly disap-peared and left no trace behind him. And the police, in spite of their most persistent inquiry, could not even obtain a description of the "ope-

one account said that he was short and fat, with light hair; another declared that he was tall and thin and with black hair; a third said that he was neither short nor tall, but betwixt and between the two; some believed that he was old, and others that he was a mere boy, and finally the officers giving the matter up, if disfinally the officers giving the matter up in disgust came to a conclusion similar to that regarding the wonderful Mrs. Harris in Dickens's worldfamous novel, that there wasn't "no sich pus-

Judge Jefferson George Washington Jobkins appeared for the defense. The judge was a character. In the days when the "ring" ruled New York and made things lively for the "boys," he had first been a political lawyer, a strong ward leader of the unerrified-voters, whose motto was "vote early and vote often;" then he had been elected judge and had presided over the Tombs police-court for quite a long time. He was the "terror of the evil-doer," so the

ever-reliable daily newspapers said, and a stranger happening to stroll into his court would have been astonished at the rapidity with which have been astonished at the rapidity with which he disposed of the petty cases brought before him. He knew them all, or at least pretended he did—it was about the same; the culprit's denial amounted to nothing, and the way he imposed the fines and started the poor, ignorant, powerless—politically speaking—wretches to the "island" was a caution. But let one of the "gang" be hauled up and the case was different

But despite the legal efforts of the judge and his associate counsel, the two men were convicted, although the madame escaped, and were he pointed to the book and read the inscription

The police spy had struck his first blow, and the secret band were staggered by its force.

CHAPTER XIX.

JUST about one month after the blue rose epi-sode, as related in a previous chapter, the Bo-hemian knocked at the door of the young girl's room and asked the favor of a few minutes' con-

versation with her.

Inviting her visitor to enter, she placed a chair for him, and waited in curiosity to learn the purport of his visit.
"My dear Miss Adalia, I come on important business to-night," he said, "and I trust that you will give me your earnest attention."

"Certainly, sir," she responded, somewhat surprised at the gravity of his tone and man-

The Bohemian hesitated for a few minutes before he began, and as he surveyed the girl, thinking over in his mind the best way to deliver the proposition which he had come expressly to make, he could not help remarking how beautiful she was. Never before to his eyes had she

rul she was. Never before to his eyes had she appeared so lovely.

"Miss Adalia, I hardly know how to begin," he said at last, "for what I have to say will, I fear, be totally unexpected by you and probably will take you entirely by surprise. You are a most charming young lady, and since I have enjoyed the pleasure of your acquaintanceship, I have gradually learned to like you more and more."

He paused in his speech for a moment, and a slight, beautiful blush began to creep up into the face of the girl. She began to have an idea of the nature of the communication which was about to be made to her, and gladly would she have avoided it if she could have discovered any possible way of retreat, but she could not,

any possible way of retreat, but she could not, and she felt that, perforce, she must listen.

"Fortune has favored me greatly of late, and that gives me courage to speak, otherwise my lips would have been closed. Miss Adalia, I have come to ask of you the greatest favor that a woman can give to a man—yourself. I love you and I wish to make you my wife." you and I wish to make you my wife

The girl cast down her eyes and her bosom heaved tumultuously. It was a painful task to refuse even a man for whom she cared absorbed utely nothing, and for a few moments she hesi-

No hope, though, did the suing lover take, for he was a keen reader of faces, and the look which appeared upon the flushed and confused face of the girl told him only too well what the answer would be; but he did not seem to be at

all discouraged.

After quite a long pause Adalia lifted up her "I trust that you will excuse me, Mr. Percy, if my words give you pain," she said, slowly; "but, as I explained to you some time ago, all my thoughts—all my energies are devoted to one purpose only."

"Yes, I remember," he replied, taking ad-

"Yes, I remember," he replied, taking advantage of her pause to speak. "And that idea is still strong within your mind—you have not given it up?"

o, I shall never give it up while I live!" she med. "The purpose is as firmly rooted in

my heart as is the life which there exists, almy heart as is the life which there exists, although I fear the time is far distant when I shall set about the task. Without money the attempt is hopeless, and how can I, a single, helpless girl, hope to earn the large sum needed? I know enough of the world to understand that to successfully pursue my purpose money must be spent like water, and now, Heaven help me! it is as much as I can do to procure the means to sustain life. Oh! I think sometimes that I am mad to dream of measuring strength with am mad to dream of measuring strength with the powerful, cruel men that so foully wronged the unfortunate victim who in the State prison grieved his life away.

grieved his life away."

"Why, then, not give up all ideas of such a difficult and dangerous scheme? for if the facts of the case are as you believe them to be, the men who hunted the wretched criminal to his doom will be fully desperate and determined enough to remove you from their path if they discover that there is any likelihood of succeeding in the attempt to bring them to justice."

"Oh! I think nothing of my own life!" the girl asserted. "Not for a single instant would I hesitate to sacrifice myself, provided that I could succeed in my task, and I should feel a holy, righteous joy in dying in such a good

oly, righteous joy in dying in such a good

her beautiful eyes sparkled with light until they outshone the sheen of diamonds.
"You are an enthusiast!" Percy remarked,

quietly, but with his keen eyes fully alive to the rare beauty of the sweet, girlish face, and every sense captivated by the subtle charm of her "But I am only dreaming, I fear," she said, with a sudden change of manner, her nervous excitement giving way to despondency. "It will never be; without a fortune at my back I am helpless, and fortunes are not to be had for

"Why not then accept the love I proffer?" the Bohemian questioned. "Give up this visionary task, cease from pursuing this life of toil, and and a refuge from all cares with me. I do not ask you to say that you love me; that will come in time; I am content to wait; your heart is free, so you assured me the other day, and I am sure that if you give me the chance I can win

'Oh, no, no, I cannot!" Adalia replied, with

downcast eyes.
"I am not repulsive to you?"
"Oh, no!" the young woman answered, honestly.
"And perhaps in time you might learn to

love me—you know of no reason why you should

"None."

"Why not accept then?"

"No, it is impossible," she answered, firmly, raising her beautiful eyes to his face as she spoke. "You have been kind to me, and I have too few friends not to highly prize those which Heaven has been kind enough to give, but I feel that it would be wrong to encourage hopes that can never be realized. It is impossible, and I hope that you will not think unkindly of me for speaking thus honestly and plainly."

It was a painful task, and the voice of the girl faltered as she concluded.

"Ah, I see the only man that can win you is the lover who can lay a fortune at your feet!" he banteringly suggested. "You would not refuse then, eh?"

"It would be a terrible temptation," she re-

It would be a terrible temptation," she re-

plied, her whole manner troubled.
"And you would not be able to resist it?"
"I fear that I should not."

Yes, for is it not a terrible thing for a wo man to sell herself?" she asked; "and it would be a sale just as much as though I was bid off as the slaves used to be at open auction." "No matter who the man is, so long as he had

elet me see, what was the sum? twenty thou-and dollars, wasn't it?"
"Oh, why speak of it? It was a foolish speech;

such a thing can never be!"

"Aha! who knows?" he replied, laughing.
"The most unlikely things happen sometimes in
this world. Come, let us understand the matter
fully; for twenty thousand dollars you would be
willing to agree to marry any man, no matter
whether he was old or ucly or misshapen in whether he was old or ugly or misshapen in

"I fear that I should not be able to resist the temptation," she confessed, her beautiful lips tightly compressed.
"Well, then, behold in me the man, and see,

The Bohemian drew a bank-book from one cket, a check-book from another and laid em on the table side by side. Adalia looked at him with astonished eves:

she did not comprehend his meaning.
"See, here is an account opened for you with the National Union Bank to the extent of

"National Union Bank, "In account with Adalia Cummerton."

"But I do not understand," she said, opening "But I do not understand," she said, opening her large violet eyes wide in wonder.

"The story is soon told," he replied, with a gayety that was plainly affected, although the girl in the innocence of her heart never suspected it. "I told you at the commencement of this interview that fortune had been kind to me lately. By chance a month ago I came in possession of a lottery-ticket; bought it in fact of poor wretch who said he was starving and had a poor wretch who said he was sarving and had nothing else to sell. I gave the man a dollar for it, not that I wanted it, or expected to profit by it, but merely to get rid of the fellow. That ticket drew a prize of forty thousand dollars, and the first use I make of the money is to buy

the woman I love! (To be continued—commenced in No. 420.)

The Cadet's Love;

From West Point to the Big Horn, BY CAPTAIN SATTERLEE PLUMMER.

The gay season, which only lasts a scant two months, was at its hight at West Point, during the summer of 187-.

The hotels were filled to overflowing, and for

years the Point had not seen a season like this. The corps of cadets were in "high feather;" they rode better, marched better, and, alas! flirted better than ever before: so the girls said, at least those to whom the Point was a favorite

Young ladies who were adepts in the art of Young ladies who were adepts in the art of gaining the affections of the opposite sex for their pleasure, and throwing it away for their convenience, already in those little treasure-books marked their dead and wounded; they had enough bell-buttons given them to trim two or three riding habits; all of said buttons having been taken off just above the hearts of the givers, at the risk of being reported "One button off coat," and "Same at same." But the powers that be have to relax the rule in this revers that be have to relax the rule in this reect, during the summer encampment, or those the corps who make their debut might find West Point too cold after the January examina-

There was a hop going on at Cozzens's, and any one standing on the porch and looking in at one of the windows, at the bright scene, would have gazed at a vision of fairy-land.

Nearly every city in the country was represented by some of its fairest daughters, and had you been asked to make a selection, it would have

bewildered you to choose.

But we will leave off this general survey, and listen to what that young lady is saying to her

"I believe I do feel a little tired."
"Will you go out on the porch with me? It is cool out there."

"Please excuse me. I would like to, but I

she is beckoning to me now."
"Certainly; but later you will let me claim another dance, won't you?"
"Yes, certainly I will."

promised Katie Ashton something. There, see!

By this time they had reached Miss Ashton,

who said:
"You know, Josie, what you promised me?"
"I've not forgotten, and here I am; so come, let's go; please excuse me."
With that to her late partner, the two locked arms, and bowing right and left, and excusing many proffers of escortship, reached the porch, when Josie Dinsmore broke out with:
"I'the large Watie, it's

"I tell you, Katie, it's all a bore, this hop; I wonder if our boys will come?"
"Certainly they will! Mine will, I know. Isn't he nice?"

Yes, but no nicer than George; and besides, George stands so high in his class."
"What difference does that make, Josie? I heard a cadet say yesterday that there never was a truer saying than that General Butler

"Yes! I know what you are going to say—about left in front—the head men in a class only fit for Sunday-school teachers, and superintendent of female seminaries. How I wish we had had two or three at our school! It wouldn't have been fun; of not?"

had two or three at our school! It wouldn't have been fun; oh, no!"

"Come on, Josie; let's go to the arbor, now! What a lark this is! If my mother or yours could only know that their best beloveds were meeting young men in this way, ah! me!"

"They would be horrified, of course; but there must be something in the air of West Point, for I find myself doing improper things with a coolness that surprises me."

"I'll tell you what the truth of the matter is," said Kate. "That when under the most fa-

"said Kate. "That when under the most fa-brable circumstances it takes a man a week to earn he can can say something sweet to you, here a cadet begins five minutes after he has been introduced, and if you are agreeable it has ome to the kissing part in fifteen— Hush! oh!

While the young ladies had been talking they had left the porch, and gone around the hotel to the north side, and after a short walk down a side path toward the Hudson, they reached the

side path toward the Hudson, they reached the arbor where they had agreed to meet two of their cadet friends, that evening.

The cadets, to keep their part of the engagement, had to cross a sentinel's post, dressed in a citizen's suit, obtained from one of the new cadets, and by taking the dock, or rather the river road, would reach the arbor without going near the hotel, for to be caught was a courtmartial for "off limits," and a probable sentence of dismissal; but he would have been fainthearted who would not have chanced even more earted who would not have chanced even more

hearted who would not have chanced even more than that for either of the girls, who stood at the entrance of the arbor.

Josie Dinsmore was eighteen, of medium hight, with brown hair and eyes—those dangerous brown eyes that have a soul looking out of them; a perfect mouth with pearly teeth, and with a natural little quiver about it (which some women try to acquire by practice) which shows a sensitive, gentle disposition; a figure such that a comparison to a mythological goddess would be favorable to hers; highly educated and a lady by birth, and you have as near a description as could be given of a Washington girl who was the belle wherever she went, that summer.

Katie Ashton was a little blonde, one of those wild, fun-loving, generous-hearted girls, but

wild, fun-loving, generous-hearted girls, but womanly, withal, pretty and too attractive, for the good already of many a man who had met -the little sore spots in many cases remain-

ng still unhealed.

We must turn now to the two dark forms in the arbor for a moment, and then the four shall shake hands, and all the $dramatis\ person x$ of

shake hands, and all the dramatis personæ of our story are on the stage.

Cadet Captain George Hunton, and Cadet Harry Mills, both looked younger than they really were—the former being in his twenty-second year, the latter a year older; both first class-men and real nice fellows, bosom-friends and room-mates, good-looking, but nothing marked in appearance, for nearly all cadets look alike, particularly at a distance.

George Hunton was the first to greet the young ladies.

oung ladies.
"How kind of you to come! Is it a nice hop? The music sounds as if it might be."

"Yes and no," Katie said: "it was not nice enough to cause us to forget our engagement, not near as nice as yours at the Point."

"Many thanks for the compliment. Now you are here, let us all take a walk along the river."

I will, if Josie will go; what do you say,

"I will, if Josie will go; what do you say, Josie?"

"Yes, I will go, but remember, Katie, we must not stay out more than half an hour."

The cadets and the young ladies started, Katie going with Harry Mills; Josie with George Hunton, between whom there already existed that sweet secret of a concealed engagement. These two hung back, and after the oth-These two hung back, and after the oth-

ers had got out of hearing Josie said:
"Oh! George, if you should get into any trouble about coming! You know how important it is for you to graduate, and I should never forgive myself, if anything happened." "Never mind, my darling; you must not worry; do not think of anything unpleasant for

werry; do not think of anything unpleasant for the half an hour I'm with you."

"I'll try not; but I've got something un-pleasant to tell you. I had a letter from home this afternoon, and mother says as Mr. and Mrs. Harris are coming to Washington, I must return with them, and as soon as I get home we are all going to 'Rye Beach' for the balance of the season; you cannot tell how sorry I am. I counted so on another week, at least."

"If uou are going, my pleasure for this sum-

"If you are going, my pleasure for this summer is over, and all I will have to look forward to are your letters, Josie—you'll write real long ones, won't you? Write me, darling one, as if you were already my dear little wife; you will be next year, will you not?"

"I've told you, George."

"I know you have, but whisper it again, sweetheart, please do!"
"There, then, you dear old tease, stoop down, you are so tall: I love you, George!"
"Not one-half as much as I do you, my precious one; I have dreamed that there was, somewhere within me, the capability of a feeling.

where within me, the capability of a feeling such as I have now, but my wildest dreaming never could have told me how sweet it was to ve—love you, my only one—"
"Please don't, George! There comes Katie and Mr. Mills. Well, if you must—one more—
and the last—"

You two are the slowest of the slow. Just think, we have been nearly to the dock," Katie said, as she came up to where the lovers

"I was trying to persuade Miss Dinsmore that the philosophy of life according to the Dar-winian theory was false, and we got so interest-

"Stop! I don't believe a word of it; you are all humbugs; you have been doing just as Mr. Mills has, I have no doubt—talking nonsense; but come, Josie; we must go in. "We'll see you at the music to-morrow morning; you'll come, won't you!"
"I'll answer for myself," Katie said; "I will if I don't tire myself out dancing to-night."
"Then I'm certain of seeing you, for I never heard of a West End Washington girl doing that."

George then turned to Miss Dinsmore. "You will consent?"
"Yes, I will, if only to say good-by to my friends. I expect Katie has told you, Mr. Mills, that I start for home to-morrow even-

ing?"

"No, she did not. I'm real sorry; I was so in hopes you would be at our hop to-morrow evening; we have persuaded the colonel to extend the time an hour."

"I'm sorry, too, but parental commands, you know, have to be obeyed. Come, Katie. Goodnight and pleasant dreams to you both."

Mills answered with a laugh, as they moved off:

"We go to dream of you both."

The two young ladies started at a quick pace oward the hotel; to one it had been a lark, to

the other-well-it was sweet. They were soon in the ball-room again, and ving evasive answers to questionings in regard of their absence, which some of their gentlemen

riends had remarked.

Josie Dinsmore did not dance very often, and Jose Dinsmore did not dance very often, and just as they commenced the "German," under the stereotyped plea of a headache, she retired to her room; and when she said her prayers that night, there was a little petition, wafted through sweet lips, to the powers above to protect and bless him into whose keeping she felt she had given the love of her life. Our two cadet friends had reached the riding-hall on their way back from the hotel before either broke the silence. Then it was Harry who said: "George, what's the matter with you?"

'George, what's the matter with you?"
'The truth of the matter is, old fellow, I'm in love."
"What, with a Washington girl?"
"What, with a Washington girl?"

"What, with a washington gri!"
"Why not? I know how loyal you are, and that you can keep it to your elf, so the real truth is I'm engaged to Miss Dinsmore, and I want you to understand it's no sham affair either, for I shall marry her as soon as I graduate I do not make the state. ate. I do not understand your allusion to Wash

ington girls."

"All right, George; never been there myself, don't believe in that sort of thing. All I meant was that the girls who come here for the summer will all flirt, and the Washington girls are ne most highly educated in the art, and gene rally have about as much idea of marryi giving in marriage, as the superintendent has of giving me a leave to-morrow." I don't think he'd do that. Harry?"

"No, of course not. Miss Dinsmore is lovely, and I congratulate you with all my "I knew you would, and that I could trust

"I knew you would, and that I could trust you."
"Of course. I won't say anything about it. Is she well off?"
"What a question! I don't know or care."
"That's so; you will be in the Staff, but I will be in the Line, and if ever I take unto myself an incumbrance, it will have to be backed by a check-book."
"I don't believe you. However, but here."

"Idon't believe you, Harry; but here we are.
You go to the right of the sentry-box—now
for it!"

The sentinel's post was successfully crossed and the two were soon locked in cadet dream-land (for there is such a place).

land (for there is such a place).

After guard-mounting the next morning our two cadets could be seen wending their way down the road past Trophy Point, with their young lady friends of the evening before.

George did not have much time, during that very brief, to him, morning hour, to say what he wanted to his sweetheart, for she was a belle, and cadets who claimed Washington City as a home considered that they had a girely to

as a home considered that they had a right to monopolize some of her time. As soon as it got noised about that she was going home she was obliged to hold an open-air reception, for every one wanted to say good-by, for Josie Dinsmore was one of those girls that could not help being pleasant to every one, even if she tried to be the contrary. Poor George! He had to stand and bear it, rewarded occasionally by a loving lost which showed.

ed occasionally by a loving look, which showed she felt for him. We must pass over the parting between these two, for there are some things between these two, for there are some things that even romance writers should not touch upon—sacred episodes that it is sacrilege to lift the curtain and show. Sufficient it is that a sweet, tearmoistened face was turned from camp for concealment, as the carriage drove off on the road to Cozzens's

Many letters passed between these two, who

Many letters passed between these two, who, contrary to all known laws governing West Point love-affairs, remained faithful to each other. She with the temptations, which one in the whirl of a gay winter in Washington is surrounded—he perforce through the perfect love he had for her. Her letters were a wealth of love on paper. One will be sufficient to show the character of them all:

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
"January —, 187-.
"It was the dearest, sweetest letter you ever wrote me, the one I received yesterday. Always write me such letters, darling; not that all your letters are not just as loving, but this one seemed to touch my heart more deeply than any other ever did before. How stupid that I should not have sent you the verse of poetry I cut out of the "Sunday Herald" last week and spoke of. I send it in this. Have patience, dearest; only a few months more and you will be with me. I desire more than anything in the world to see you, and hope you will come right on here, as soon as you graduate, for I fear I shall not be able to be there to see my boy come out ahead, as I know and feel that he will. Yes! darling, I think there can be no more perfect happiness for me than that you speak of, when there will be nothing to separate us, unless you cease to love me, and I never allow myself to think of anything so dreadful. . I cannot keep you out of my thoughts; and if it were not for these

To this was pinned the following:

"I think not of the time that is flying,
How short is the hour I have won;
How near is this living to dying,
How the shadows still follow the sun;
There is naught upon earth—no desire
Worth a thought, though 't were had by a sign!
I love thee! I love thee! bring nigher
Thy spirit, thy kisses to mine!"

It was the 9th of June, 187-; already the first call had sounded for parade, and scores of ca-dets were out in front of the barracks ready to

To say the graduating class were not happy yould be to slander them. Was not this their last would be to stander them. Was not this their last parade, and were they not all to march to the front this evening to the music of "The Dash-ing White Sergeant," doff their hats to the commandant of cadets, and then they were free

'Doff the Cadet, and don the Brevet, and change the gray for the blue."

Did they not have mothers, fathers, sisters and sweethearts out there in front, who would be looking with all their eyes for their boys? Oh! happy moment to them, and well earned; one step, and some among them were soon to lie cold on far Montana's plains, and gentle women's hearts were to be torn by a grief that men cannot comprehend, much less feel—let us stand back, first bury the dead, then let active justice dress the wounds of the living.

George Hunton true to be promise made in

George Hunton, true to his promise, made in letter after letter, as soon the next day as he had received his diploma, and had a settle-ment with the treasurer, started at once for Washington city, not even staying in New York an hour to engage in the harmless yearly frolic

of each graduating class.

When he reached Washington it did not take him long before he was ringing the bell at Mr. Dinsmore's home, and then quickly fol-

"Oh, George!"
"Josie, my darling!"
"How well you are looking. I never saw you in anything except cadet uniform, you know, except that evening."
"You just wait, Josie," George said, as he will have been been said, as he

rubbed his upper lip in a very significant way.

"No, George, I don't want you to have a mustache; I want you just as you are." 'I can't help it from growing; but, by the y, dear, what did your father say to my let—the one I sent last week?" "He said that you were too young, and that we must wait a year; he wanted to have you, as it were, on a kind of probation."

"I shall see him about it; it's absurd."
"Of course you shall; don't look so cross.
He's out now, but I expect him in every

'There, do I look cross now?"

"No indeed. How happy I am—but, hark! that's father's step; I will call him in."
"No, not now."
"Yes, I must," and Josie stepped to the parlor door, and asked her father to come in.
"Father, this is George—I mean, sir, Lieutenant Hunton."

And with that Josie made a most disgraceful retreat, leaving them together, and the interview must have been satisfactory, for George, before he bade Josie good-night, said:
"It's all right, darling; only six months to wait."

"It's all right, darling; only six months to wait."
"I'm so glad—I ought not to have said that!"
"Yes you should! But, Josie, I'm going to throw up my leave, and apply for duty, and ask to be assigned to some cavalry regiment, now engaged in the Indian campaign."
"Please don't, George; please say you won't go where those horrid Indians are!"
"But I must, for then I will have my leave during the winter, which will be pleasanter for us both."
"Please don't go, darling."

us both."

"Please don't go, darling."

"Don't cry so, dear—your father approves—you forget that you are going to be a soldier's wife; so brighten up, my true-hearted little girl. Let me see you smile. That's right; the danger, dearest, is only in your imagination."

Lieutenant Hunton was successful, and his request was most heartily approved by General Sherman.

Josie bore up most nobly for his sake; al-hough the parting was very sad, she showed a old front to the last, but had a sadly-aching heart. Oh! how she would have clung to him if she had only known what a short two weeks would bring forth, and that for years that true

heart of hers would suffer and bear a pain that comes to but few in life.

Is it God's judgment that the innocent must so suffer? Rebel, our souls, against it, and pity her to whom this suffering came so young. "Who is this-a private or an officer? I can't

make out."

The speaker was an officer of the army who had charge of a detail of men who were engaged in burying the dead after the battle of the Big Horn.

A sergeant answered:

"I do not know, sir. Here is where they say 'C' company fell; see how he is cut up—the squaws did it, I expect."

"Yes, curse them! But what's this? a letter—it's all bloody; I can hardly make it out—yes, now I can—'Lieutenant George Hunton, U. S. A., Care Commanding General Department of Dakota.' My God! poor fellow! this is sad—he only graduated this June."

"Is the letter signed, sir?"

"It has only the signature of Josie—some girl

"It has only the signature of Josie—some girl sweetheart, I suppose. Here, one of you men roll this body up in a blanket, and mark it so you will know it again. Sergeant, hurry those men up with the burial."

The main building at the Centennial was crowded; a little party of ladies and gentlemen attracts our attention, for among them we see our old friends Katie Ashton and Josie Dinsmore.
"When did you hear from George?"
"The last letter I had was dated on the Yel-

owstone; he was just about to start out with General Custer; he sent his love to you. But 've told you all about it before." "I know you have—but you like to talk about him, so I thought I would give you a chance." "You're a tease, Katie."

"No, I'm not—only, Josie, you are so much in love, your thoughts are far away. Really do you believe you could describe a single thing you've seen to-day?"

"Please don't tease me, Katie."
A gentleman friend here joined them, and aid: "Here, young ladies, here's a memento of the Exposition, a New York paper printed in the wilding; one for you, Miss Kate, and one for

you, Miss Dinsmore. Katie just glanced at the one handed to her, and then made an attempt to get Josie's—but she was too late, for already Josie had seen that fearful heading, "Massacre of Custer's Command." She turned to Kate a face which was

vithout a vestige of color, and said, faintly: "Read it to me, Katie."
"You poor darling, bear up."
"Is his name there?"

The deep silence which followed was answer enough, and the gentleman who had given the papers, and had been a witness to the agitation they created, had just time to spring forward and save Miss Dinsmore from a severe fall, as and save miss Dinsmore from a severe fall, as she fainted.

Miss Dinsmore returned at once to Washing-

ton, and everything that loving hearts could d to reconcile her to her loss, was done. Frequently there is to be seen a little black-robed figure in the streets of the Capital, and but few of the many who met Josie during the heyday of her beauty recognize her in this! There is

the same sweet face, the same loving brown eyes
—but there is a far-away look in them that tells
of thoughts that are far from being joyful ones.
Already there comes the rumor that a novitiate has begun-which will have an ending in a sis

Ripples.

MISS SHERMAN had been engaged only three days when she sprained her ankle. Lt this be

warning. News comes from Paris that last spring's bon-ets are to be made over for the present season. We regret this exceedingly; but the fashions must be observed.

THEY are going to have an artificial Niagara Falls at the Paris Exhibition; but unless an American is charged fifteen dollars for looking at it, and has his pocket picked by a hackman, he will fail to recognize it. A KENTUCKY man who went to the Black Hills wrote back to a local paper, saying: "Of-fer a premium at your coming fair for the big-gest fool in the country, and I'll try and get

there in time." WHEN you see a woman balancing herself on one foot, kicking the other wildly out behind her, and skillfully swoop up in her hand a fan-tail train, don't be alarmed; she isn't going to

have a fit—she is about to cross a twelve-inch 'THE girls of our day are very badly educated," said one of the members of a committee on education to the Bishop of Gloucester. "That cannot be denied," retorted his lordship. "How-

ever, there is one consolation—the boys will never find it out." Mackey, the California millionaire, came to this country a poor Irish boy. Stewart, the New York millionaire, came to this country a poor Irish boy. We might give other illustrations, but these two show that our struggling American youth made a great mistake by not coming to this country poor Irish boys.

"WHAT can be done," asks an educational journal, "to develop in our students a higher taste for English literature?" We hope nothing will be done. Some of our college student have already been induced by a "high taste to draw the professor's carriage on the roof of the building and hitch it fast to the cupola, and it is not desirable that their taste should run any higher" than that.

BUBBINS has had more trouble with his pho-BUBBINS has had more trouble with his phonograph. There was a sewing society at his house the other day, and the phonograph kept up a lively conversation that evening about the needs of the heathen, and the faults of the neighbors, until midnight. Then Bubbins corked it up, and in less than fifteen minutes it exploded, and destroyed about half the parlor furniture. There are limits to the capacity of the phonograph.



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BUFFALO BILL'S FINE SERIAL!

Romance of Love and Life in a Frontier Fort:

COMMENCES NEXT WEEK, viz.:

LOST LULU:

THE PRAIRIE CAVALIER.

Which shows the dashing and versatile. "Knight of the Plains" in a new and pleasing vein. While alive with the excitement and action of wild western and border life-of such adventure, peril, prowess and passion as only the wilderness of the heart of the continent can produce—it has as a leading element of interest and story, the presence of

Three Beautiful Young Women

who are heroines in a true sense, and out of whose somewhat remarkable situation springs a double love and heart romance that enchains attention to an unusual degree. A strange man is the Fort Scout. He rescues a fair young girl from a more than mortal peril. Who they are, none know, and the mystery of their lives comes out in a denouement worked out with true autorial skill and effect.

The Cavalry Captain of treacherous heart and the Beautiful Fiend, his wife-the pretended "Baron" and his Irish servant—the brave old colonel and his noble-hearted daughterare fine creations, each contributing to the stirring drama a sense of newness in character that must add a new star to the many already won by the famous Chevalier of the Plains.

A DOUBLE ENDORSEMENT.

SAYS the semi-weekly Western Sun, pub-

lished at Vincennes, Indiana: 'Read what Mr. Godey-editor of 'Godey's Lady's Book and Magazine '—says in regard to Beadle & Co.'s Dime Novels: 'We were agreeably surprised on looking over the series of these works, to find how much excellent matter is given for that now how much excellent matter is given for that now defunct article, the dime, but still purchasable at ten cents. History, flotion, and useful works, some of which are suitable for schools, are to be found in these remarkably cheap publications. One thing we can assure our readers, that nothing immoral, or of a slang kind, is published. We know the editor, and can answer for him. He is a gentleman of education and of great worth; so if you want a cheap and good ten cents' worth, get a Dime book.

"The above is great, but just praise, and we indorse every word of it. To add thereto would be uselessly superfluous—would be like 'gilding refined gold."

Sunshine Papers. The Irrepressible.

HAVE you ever met him? I am sure you have, for "his name is Legion." But perhaps you can answer that question better after I have attempted to give a partial description of

In age he varies from sixteen to twenty years; he wears the most extreme of the extremely high collars, which makes one perpetually nervous, lest at its owner's next at-tempt to turn his head he will do so at the sacrifice of one or more of his ears; and the most approved style of clothes, hat, and indispensable cane; smokes his "Vanity Fair," or some equally fine brand of cigarette; and, with an assuring air, which, if you did not know to the contrary, might lead you to suppose that he did all this at his own instead of his father's expense. If nature has smiled upon him to the extent of a few pale hairs upon his upper lip, or a promising pair of feathery "sides, strokes, and smooths, and twists, and pulls them—the latter, perhaps, as a forcing process -until in utter disgust, especially if you are a female, you change your position to where, for a brief time, you may be spared the affliction of beholding this convincing illustration of the

truth of the Darwinian theory. If he resides in Brooklyn or Jersey, as in large quantities he certainly does, he will enter the ladies' cabin of the ferry-boat with the air of a conqueror; and having strutted to the looking-glass-which you are amazed to see remains unbroken-and adjusted his tie, and, failing to see them in the glass, felt for the almost invisible hairs upon his lip, he passes on, through the other cabin, smiling upon and staring at the fair sex; and having reached the self-satisfied air, which, if you have an eye for business, at once suggests to you what an immense fortune you might make if you could only buy him at your price and sell him at

Or, perhaps, he attends college; and meeting you at some evening entertainment he will astound you with his profound wisdom, and unlimited field of reading; and will roll forth upon you such words of magnitude that you feel thankful, on his account, that he has not stupendous eloquence. He asks your opinion they thought the billiard saloon keeper was

Martineau's newly-published Life and Recollections, D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation, Landor's Imaginary Conversations, or Denton's Montenegro. None of which prob-ably he has himself looked into.

Or, he may have left college and commenced studying for the bar, or some other profession. You meet him on the street, and, more from courtesy than from any real desire to have him do so, ask him to call and spend an evening with you, or, it may be, to take part in some literary entertainment—being fully convinced of his own consciousness of his ability to do so. But you are put coolly aside—as one might brush a fly from the table—with the announcement that, "My entire time is taken up with my studies; you know that I am pre-paring for such and such a profession." You did not know it, but you are unquestionably convinced of the fact, after you have heard him make the same announcement to nearly all his other friends.

Then you meet him in the mercantile world; you have occasion to transact some business with Messrs, A. & Co. but arrive at their of-fice a little before either of them reach it. As you enter you are greeted by one of these creatures I am attempting to describe. If it is a summer morning he will probably be in his shirt-sleeves, puffing upon a cigarette; and, like a small Vesuvius, will relieve himself of whatever smoke he contains—which, as it wafts gently into your face, you find to be not a little—and calmly and lazily inquires:
"Who did you wish to see?"

"I have business with the members of the firm; are they disengaged?" you reply, po-

"No," he answers, omitting the "sir," they have not yet arrived. Is there anything I can do for you?" You feel like taking him by the collar and

shaking some of the conceit out of him; but, instead, turn on your heel, saying:
"Tell Mr. A. that Mr. C. called, and will re-

turn at one o'clock." "Certainly, certainly," he responds, with the air of a special partner, "I shall not fail to do so;" and placing his thumbs in the armholes of his vest, he follows you to the door, and as you open it and pass out—thinking, as you do so, how beneficial it would be to that young man if he were to tend door for awhile—you leave him standing there with all the airs and assurance of a millionaire—his salary, probably, being a dollar and a half a week.

But where don't you meet the irrepressible What pleasure it would give you if you could think of a single occasion, in society, in business, on the street, or in church—any placewhere for once, in your recollection, you had not been afflicted with the greatest and most disgusting of bores.

There is only one consoling thought in regard to him. That as a rule, as ruthless time continues to deal with him-and, unlike his mother, fails to pet and caress the dear boy— he finds that he is not taken at his own estimate, and like inflated railroad stock he settles down to a hard-pan basis.

Then men know his true value, which is vastly greater, in their eyes, than when he was an irrepressible!

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

GLEANINGS from GOSSIPVILLE.

NO. III.

YES, Brother Shadrach, I am so much exersised in my mind that I have left my plowing to come over here and give vent to the expression of my feelings. I fear, I very much fear, that Deacon Silver is worldly-minded—that he is prone to run after the mere work of the worm instead of looking after his own spiritual welfare and that of others. I know he has been a poor man, and his clothes scarcely fit to be seen at "meeting" while others could wear their best. What is it you say? Why did I not aid him to procure better? From a clear sense of duty. My conscience

told me that, if the Lord wished him to be the better clad, He would provide the means and the it would seem like sacrilege for me-a mere speck of dirt—to take the work out of the Lord's hands.

When I heard, yesterday, that the deacon had received a little money, right glad was I of the news. I immediately meandered over to his house to congratulate him upon his good fortune, and ask him if he wasn't ready and willing to bestow his money upon the poor and needy heathen of Africa?

And, what do you think? He actually said he had used it all for necessary clothing. Fif-teen good dollars gone to gratify the adorn-ment of one's person!

What is that you remark? Charity should begin at home? Ah, yes, how often does that prevent us from doing as we should toward our eighbor, and it serveth as an excuse to the worldly-minded to make an idol of one's-self and deck that idol with goodly things to the sight, but killing to the soul.

It grieves me to the core to see so much vanity passing on around me, and I think of it by day and dream of it by night.

And I don't know as Parson Able is as sound" as he might be. I notice he has pic tures hung up in his study. It seems to me that one of his cloth should be above such things. They must distract his thoughts from heavenly matters to earthly ones. You'll not find any pictures in my house, though my would like a few. "No, no, Maria," I say, "we must be content with what we have, and if you must look at something look out of doors.

"Pictures add cheerfulness to a house Are we to live for cheerfulness? Were we placed in this meadow of hollow mockery to be cheerful? Can we be cheerful and gain heaven, too?

And the parson actually smiled last Sunday! Think of a parson smiling and on Sunday! Don't you think it is a subject for prayer? I'm afraid he's not as sober-minded as he might be. It's an awful example to set

before the young.

And, as I came by neighbor Collins's house last evening I saw him playing a game of checkers with his son. Do you think parents should be on such familiar terms with their children? Ah, yes, I have heard your answer before: "Rational amusements at home will outer deck, he straightens himself up with a prevent the young from seeking questionable ones abroad.' But, are checkers rational May they not lead to gambling and then to I never allow my children any games whatever; they are always at home at

You saw them coming out of à billiard sa-loon, three nights last week? Ah, I remember they told me they were awakened by a low cry in the evening, after they had gone to bed. The tender-hearted creatures thought it was some poor animal in distress, and resolved to yet reached the age of false teeth, lest they be rescue it. Not wishing to disturb my slumswept away before the advancing current of bers, they got out of the window. Doubtless

have told me so. They think it is their have told me so. They think it is their bounden duty to convert the billiard-keeper, and they have asked my permission to visit him every evening. I have consented and shall give them sufficient money to purchase tracts. It is indeed a glorious cause. I wish I could go with the boys myself, but they think they can do better by themselves. Wish them success, as I do. them success, as I do.

And, Brother S., do you think your store will be blessed if you leave off so many times to talk with your friends? Time is precious. We must not waste it. We shall have to account for it all some day. I never like people to spend their time gossiping. Good-day.

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

The Blessed Baby.

THE baby is as necessary in a house as any other article of furniture, or even a bay-win-dow, and to bring it up and manage it properly requires a good deal of agricultural ingenuity, for as the twig is bent the boy is inclined to go somewhere pretty quick. A great many people are not used to the baby, so I give a few general hints.

To properly dress it you should put on all the clothes that you can get on. The dress should be not more than nine feet to a two-foot baby, so that when you carry it in your arms around the room to hush it you can easily step on it without any trouble. Bunch it up with frills, flowers and furbelows so that it will look as much like a healthy pillow as possible, and keep it warm, no matter how hot the day is. A person stands a chance or two of finding that there is a baby somewhere in the mass, and if they don't it's their own fault. Bunched up this way it is not particular whether you carry it around right side up without care or not, so you have the clothes tight enough around the neck to prevent it slipping through to the floor and breaking to pieces.

Above all things remember that that baby may be the future man or the coming woman if it takes the notion. Do not let it try to dress itself nor allow it to wear boots before it is six months old. How would it look in the eyes of the public to see a four months' old boy stepping around town with a plug hat, swallow-tail coat and a cane on? Repress all such

nclinations If you don't think it is the prettiest baby in own you don't deserve to have more than ten or fifteen at most.

When it squalls the father and mother should not struggle so hard, as they always do, to see who can get it and walk it around and trot it and spank it and smother it to make it noise up its hush, or to rock it so decidedly in the crib that in its astonishment the inside of it will be immediately filled with a good deal of

If you happen to let it slip through your fingers always try to catch it before it gets to the floor; if you don't it will spoil the atmos-pheric quietude. Small bucketfuls of soothing-syrup or paregoric have a tendency to make it think that in a day or so it had better begin to consider that a little stillness would be harmonious with the peace of the household, and a few such doses would almost persuade it to

The baby is liable to wake up every night in

waking early because you will find it one of the earliest birds you everknew. You will notice that it is very particular as to what hours it wakes up in, but is not so particular as to what hours it goes to sleep in. It will wake you up at any hour you wish, and more too. It is better than two alarm clocks.

Always treat it as if you were a baby your-You know it is the image of its papa and the photograph of its mamma,

Cultivate your whiskers to suit the tastes of the baby, it will come out all right in the long

Don't be in a hurry and go to the dentist's and get a new first set of teeth for the baby. Don't hurry matters along that way, because you will get your nose and ears if you do chewed off before you know it, and you need not be discouraged, because its first teeth will be sure to come

For the first three or four months discourage all attempts at walking and kicking around. Do not let it read of any of these walking-matches and get the idea of fastness in its mind. Do not try to keep the baby down; it will not be repressed but will rise again, and be big enough eventually to lick the whole family, so it is best to keep on the good side of it.

If the baby begins to cry in the morning, keeps it up at noon, and shows no signs of stopping at night, with a prospect of continuing in our next, give it catnip tea. In youth's bright Lexicon there's no such thing as catnip tea. It beats all. The catnip is sure to bring the cat-nap. Bucketfuls should be kept constantly on hand for family use. Impress it upon baby's mind that late hours are out of rder and discourage early-rising tendencies; ip them in the bud.

Baby is "papa's own darling," but you will otice that papa is very prodigal and doesn't want to take care of his own property, very long at least.

I was going to say that you should keep its talons well pared, but I think you will need no such warning, and it should be well aired every day, but you need not hang it out of the You should master it, but I think you will have your hands full of baby in the endeavor. It will take all kinds of means to get ahead of you, and you can break a bank oner than you can break it.

Extremely young babies should not be fed on hard-boiled eggs, corn-bread, raw turnips, raw oysters, bologna, and parched corn, for such viands lie too heavy on its little con-

Babies are the best things with which to ornament baby shows. Don't expect too much of them and they will expect everything of you, and my advice (and your wife's) is to mind the baby.

Yours, infant-asy,

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN. P. S. The best way to bring up the baby s to bring it up in your arms; but—don't of European affairs, if you have read Harriet | torturing some poor animal. The dear lambs | bring it up till I get away.

Topics of the Time.

—A comparison of the coal discovered in the Far North by the recent English Arctic expedition with coal from thirteen different seams in Great Britain, shows that the composition is very nearly the same.

—An ice factory is to be started in Alexandria by two New Yorkers, who claim that they can manufacture the clear, solid article for one dollar a ton, which is cheaper than it can be gathered from the Potomac, and can be made without the assistance of Old Boreas. Why not dispense entirely with winter, then?

There is a family in Madison county, Fla., of remarkable stature. The Recorder reports their hights as follows: The tather is seven feet four; the mother is six feet eight; two sons seven feet three, and one daughter is seven feet nine. As their diet is whisky, alligator steaks and oranges it is suggested for all lean little folks to profit by their example.

—The Paris Univers has discovered that Isaiah xix., 11 to 20, refers to the present time. Egypt being France and the Vatican Judah, while the five cities of Judah are the Roman Catholic Universities of Paris, Lille, Lyons, Angers, and Toulouse, and the altar in the midst of Egypt is the Church of the Sacred Heart on Montmarte.

—A Rio Janeiro correspondent, speaking of women in Brazil, says: "Women, as you doubt-less know, attain their mature growth at an average of twelve years, and it is no unusual average of twelve years, and it is no unusual thing to see a young man of twenty-one with a mother of thirty-two. Within a stone's throw of where I am now writing is a young man from Petropolis who is celebrating his twenty-first birthday. His mother is on a visit to Lisbon, and was born in July, 1846, at Bahia." This is but repeating what is true of all Spanish and Portuguese nations.

—Pius IX is reprorted to have left to the

Portuguese nations.

—Pius IX, is reported to have left to the Comte de Chambord a Madonna in mosaic; a crucifix to Queen Isabella; a group of the Holy Family to the former King of Naples; a copy of Raphael's Virgin to the Grand Duke of Tuscany; a large-sized miniature representing our Savior when he said to his disciples: "Suffer little children to come unto me," to the Duke of Parma; a large medallion in mother of pearl, representing the Resurrection, to Don Alphonse de Bourbon; and finally, a crucifix of silver enriched with diamonds and some relics of the true cross, to the Princess of Thurn and Taxis.

—No class of men have a better reason for

true cross, to the Princess of Thurn and Taxis.

—No class of men have a better reason for striking for higher pay than clergymen, but for some reason they very rarely do it. A short time ago, however, a Methodist brother, in Troy, N. Y., having in vain demanded a better salary, announced his intention to quit. He said: "I declare the pulpit vacant until God in His mercy can send you a minister who can live on air and wear buckskin breeches of his own make." Then he closed the Bible with a slam and withdrew. It is not likely, however, that the movement will become general, for in the clerical labor market, as in others, the supply is considerably in excess of the demand. considerably in excess of the demand.

considerably in excess of the demand.

—The Southern papers have lately been discussing the comparative mortality among the white and colored populations of various towns and cities, with very uniform and striking results. The general tendency of these investigations is to show that the blacks are more liable to disease than the whites and do not as easily recover. In Paris, Tennessee, for instance, 21 colored children have died of measles and whooping cough in a period of three weeks, while during the same time only one white child died from either of these complaints, though the white population is double the black. The cause of this great mortality among colored children is ascribed by the local doctors to the neglect and carelessness of their parents.

—At a recent aristocratic ball in London, at

The baby is liable to wake up every night in the hour, which is a big thing, and the best thing which I can advise you to do is just to lie still and not wake up; never mind it but slumber on. If you can't, just take it and walk around the room seven hundred and fifty times, and if it isn't ready to give up you will be.

If it should happen to swallow some buttons, administer a few button-holes in a spoon.

The father must never come in and sit down on it while it is on the floor, mistaking it for an ottoman; it would be a good joke on him and a bad one on the baby.

Don't bring it up on the bottle because in the future it may be brought down by the bottle.

You need not encourage it in the habit of waking early because you will find it one of At a recent aristocratic ball in London, at

was designed by herself. The necklace was made in Paris to order."

-Mr. Bryce did not find Noah's Ark on the summit of Mount Ararat, nor the angels who keep watch over that lofty crest. But he found keep watch over that lofty crest. But he found a piece of wood on the mountain, and, as he remarked at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society a few weeks ago, if he could not prove it was a piece of the ark, it was perfectly impossible to prove it was not. Ararat, he said, could not be identified with any particular mountain mentioned in the Bible, where the word is used as a name for Armenia, or its northern part. At the same time this mountain was so much higher than any other summit in Armenia that he could hardly doubt that if the Biblical writer had any mountain in his mind, it must have been Mount Ararat. As St. Marit must have been Mount Arrarat. As St. Margaret's Church looked beside Westminster Abbey, so Little Ararat looked when compared with its greater neighbor. Mr. Bryce describes the view from the summit more tamely in his lecture than in the glowing pages of his book. He says it was extensive and wonderfully grand but in point of beauty it suffered from

grand, but in point of beauty it suffered from being too high. grand, but in point of beauty it suffered from being too high.

—The growth of California in population and wealth has been marvelous. To-day its population is placed at 800,000 in round numbers. A year hence a million of inhabitants is counted upon, notwithstanding immigration has fallen off. More than half of the population of California live in San Francisco, Oakland, Sacramento, San Jose, Los Angeles, Stockton and Valejo. The country towns do not keep pace with the cities. To-day San Francisco contains of itself nearly one-half of the population of the State. Californians are gregarious. They flock to the cities. Ten years from now San Francisco, it is predicted, will have a population of 600,000, or double what it is now. The law of growth will also apply to other cities. Oakland is the second city in population in the State, and Sacramento third. The former has a population of 35,000 and the latter 25,000. In ten years, it is believed, their population will be nearly doubled. This ratio of growth, however, cannot apply to the small towns ranging from 1,000 to 3,000 inhabitants, notwithstanding ten years ago some of them had scarcely an existence. years ago some of them had scarcely an ex-

—In our topics, recently, we suggested that, if our Female Colleges met woman's special need ly instructing her in the chemistry and practice of cookery, it wouldn't any longer be said that the more classics and mathematics a woman had the less she was fitted for a wife's and mathematics received by the cookers of the cookers. man had the less she was fitted for a wife's and mother's position. There is one school of good repute, the Lasell Seminary for Young Women, at Auburndale, Mass., which is this very practical institution. It has just begun to give a course of lessons in cookery, under the direction of Miss Parloa, a mistress of the art. Both wholesome and delicate cooking is to be taught. There is also at the school a class in the cutting of garments; and a class in millinery, to be taught by a thoroughly competent and successtaught by a thoroughly competent and successful milliner, is about to be formed. All this work does not interfere at all with the regular intellectual work of the school, and while it teaches things very necessary and very pleasant to know, it also amuses and interests the pupils. The cost of the millinery course for classes of three is \$14 each; for classes of six, \$10 each. Instruction in cooking is given without extra fee. Success to the Lasell Seminary!

Readers and Contributors.

Accepted; "The Days That Are No More;" "An-icipation;" "Plucky Sallie;" "The Last Song;" Stronger than Death;" "Old Mortimer's Ranch;" Cassiope's Tear;" "The Heritage of Smiles;" Miss Slinlithgrow's Prince;" "A Big Ring;" Moses Sr. am, Moses Jr."

Unavailable: "The Rashest Wish of All;" "Why Don't She Write?" "The Measles Man;" "Mid the 'alling Leaves;" "Not Now;" "The Rush of Arms;" Cold and Heartless;" "The Best Boy in Town;" Will There be War?" "Old Bob's Starved Horse;" Marrying in Haste."

ZAIDA. Lord Byron died at Missolonghi, in Greece, in 1824. He was thirty-six years of age.

Anderson. The "long staple cotton" is the sea island product and is only raised very near or on the coast.

FANNY T. To get the clerkship apply for it in erson and prove your qualifications. A pretty face lone will not commend you.

WILL M. If directly or indirectly invited, accept and do your best to please and satisfy. No harm ever comes of such efforts to win favor. W. T. H. "'Mid the Falling Leaves" defective in measure. You must learn the proprieties of the different rhythms and "feet" of verse.

FRANK A. M. We usually refuse to judge of a MS. by mere extracts; but should say by what you sub-nit that we can make no use of the matter. E. E. R. Do not care to introduce the department indicated. There are too many good floral guides to make such a feature desirable in a popular weekly.

SINE X. Solar prints are taken from a negative on prepared paper. The process is simple, but cer-tain manipulations and conditions must be learn-ed by practice under some photographer's super-vision.

FRANK H. SUTTON, Holyoke, Mass. The mistake you mentioned in the table of letters, regarding the letter y, has been corrected. The letter i was all right, as you will find by going over the letters carefully. Look out for the table in its corrected form.

BUB LANSING. The telephone is "practicable' for the purpose named. Your father can remain at home yet communicate verbally and constantly with his office, a mile away. Write for cost of instrument and further particulars to Thos. A. Edison, care Western Union Telegraph Co., New York.

BLACKROCK NED. Buffalo Bill is about thirty-five years of age. He is married and has children. Texas Jack, we believe, is a native of West Virgi-nia, but sought the South-west frontier in boyhood. In regard to other individuals mentioned write to Sam S. Hall ("Buckskin,") Leominster, Mass.

ELSIE asks: "Should a lady offer to pay her own fare when she is riding in a stage or car with a gentleman friend?" Not if he is her escort. If a lady casually meets a gentleman friend upon a conveyance she pays or attempts to pay her own fare as a matter of course. If, however, the gentleman does it for her, she should thank him for the little attention.

MAIME. The counsel is good and certainly not difficult to adopt. When a young lady is "of age" she is a girl no longer, and has a woman's right to her own modes of action. Since the privilege is yours for the asking, use it at least occasionally to show that you are neither proud nor stubborn. Attaching others closely to you and your interests is, at your age, of more value than diamonds.

PRISCILLA. If B. and H. and J. don't assimilate as friends, try and not have them visit you together. If B. really loves you she will confide in you. In regard to K. can hardly suggest, but if you do not care to have her New Year's invitation to W. repeated you had better repeat it yourself and thus establish your own elaims to his consideration. It will be quite "the thing" under the circumstances.

GASTRONOMA. Wedding invitations are printed GASTRONOMA. Wedding invitations are printed in the same style, on square card sheets, folded once, in a square envelope. They can be in graduated sizes to suit all fancies. No monograms are used on wedding envelopes—occasionally a crest or coat-of-arms. The colors are white or pale cream shades. For dinners, receptions, etc., invitations are printed on large square cards or unglazed notepaper. The envelopes containing these invitations should always be inclosed in larger ones, whether sent by post or by hand.

Tom M. S. asks: "Do you consider it truthful or in good taste for a young lady to deny being engaged when she wears an engagement-ring, and a certain gentleman says she is his betrothed? And cannot an engaged girl dance with any gentleman but her lover, if she chooses; that is, is it not etiquette?" It is never truthful nor in good taste to tell or act a lie; but do not condemn the young lady without sufficient knowledge of the matter.

Etiquette allows an engaged or married lady to dance with any of her gentlemen friends.

dance with any of her gentlemen friends.

VAL E. DICTORIAN, Easton, Pa. We think you decidedly too young to be engaged. Better not make bonds that you may break as you get older. If all things look so promising for your future you ean afford to remain friends until nearly time to marry.

—For the sum named you can give the lady any one of a number of delightful gifts—a writing-desk, portfolio, work-box, gold pen and pencil, elegant inkstand, jewelry-case, card-case, case of perfumery, statuette, fan, opera-glasses, or a toilet set; any pretty ornament for bedroom or parlor, books, a picture or a pair of pictures, hanging-basket, or a fine basket of natural flowers, sun-umbrella, etc., etc.

etc.

H. R. L. says: "What do you think an appropriate gift for a lady to give a gentleman as a philopcena present? Also, what is your opinion of my writing?" Very much depends upon your intimacy with the gentleman and whether he is a relative. Most gentlemen, however, value most a gift that is the work of the donor. Suppose you embroider a handkerchief-case, cigar-case, glove, collar or cuff-box, banner-screen, or some handkerchiefs; make a letter or card-rack, a toilet cushion, or set of mats, or a waste-paper basket.—Your writing is very nice—plain, regular, and not too fine. Since your penmanship is so perfect, seek to improve your orthography; appropriate and philopcena were spelled incorrectly.

Bordentown Boy. If war occurs England will

Bordentown Boy. If war occurs England will not find herself "mistress of the seas," by any means, for Russia has 158 active vessels, mostly small, 60,000 sailors, with 2,000 officers, only one-third serving on board ship, and one monster iron-clad. England has, it is true, an enormously superior force, viz.: 162 active war-vessels of war and 350 that may be called out when needed; 60,000 sailors, 15,000 marines and 3,326 officers. But as she must, in a great measure, fight land batteries, this preponderance of vessels and guns probably gives the Muscovites very small anxiety. Turkey has now, or had, a few months ago, fifty-seven active vessels and twenty-eight in reserve, 36,000 sailors and marines with 1,000 officers, and seven iron-clads

ETTA HART writes: "A certain young gentleman used to pay me considerable attention until one day he asked me to take a walk with him, and I had another engagement and was obliged to refuse. Since then, although he is pleasant when we meet, he does not walk home with me or pay me any real attention. Do you think he was offended at my refusal? How can I assure him that I regret having offended him and so win his attentions again?" Since you had a perfectly valid excuse for not taking the walk, the gentleman could have no manner of reason for being offended. The probability is that his attentions were never meant to be serious, and he happened to grow tired of paying them just about that time. Console yourself with the thought, "There are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught," and do not disgust him with you by angling after him.

MRS. T. L. R. If you wish to have good servants ETTA HART writes: "A certain young gentleman

MRS. T. L. R. If you wish to have good servants you must be familiar yourself with the proper methods of accomplishing what you require of them. Never talk familiarly with a servant nor allow her to retort under any circumstances. Servants invariably work better, and have more respect for a quiet, dignified, authoritative mistress. A servant should never speak to any member of the family without coming directly into his or her presence, enter a room without knocking, or open a door with bared arms. A waitress or waiter never speaks at table unless strictly compelled so to do, or directly questioned, but moves about in perfect silence, listening to all requests, and noting all wants. Everything should be taken from and passed to the left side of a person. To pass an article to a person's right side is the hight of awkwardness, and compels use of the left hand. It is a good plan to have a neat, largely-printed schedule of work hung in the kitchen, apportioning to each day of the week its peculiar duties, and to each day the time allowed for each special duty. This helps servants to economize time, and allows of no excuse for neglected or poorly-done work. It This helps servants to economize time, and allows of no excuse for neglected or poorly-done work. It will be very easy to train a young girl as waitress and assistant to your one domestic; and very often the result of such an undertaking is a superior servant. vant.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next

THE LOST MARINER.

BY FRANK DAVES.

No ship in sight nor any shore, And nothing but the sea and sky, To gaze upon. Ah! wee is me! A shipwrecked sailor on the sea, Whose fate it is, methinks, to die, Nor sail the ocean any more.

I gaze and gaze until my eyes eem bursting from my throbbing head; Yet naught I see to cheer me up: Alas! it Is a bitter cup! almost wish that I were dead, And soaring in the distant skies.

Methinks I see the angels now,
With crowns and harps, and singing low
About the gates of Paradise.
Ah! weak and wretched, bloodshot eyes!
Why is it ye deeeive me so?
What visions in this throbbing brow!

I love the land, I love the hills,
That toss about my childhood home;
I love the spring where oft I've drank,
I love the little mossy bank,
Whereon I sat when eve had come,
And crickets chirruped by the rills.

I love the earth, I love my kind; ove my Alice most of all! Within the slumbrous Vales of Bliss Is happiness: but why is this? Io not long for that at all. Ah, sinful soul! so dumb and blind!

I hope to rest up there at last:
This is a weary world at best;
But oh, to live a little while—
To live and walk the little mile
From Portsmouth to the cottage west,
Just where the ruined mill is past!

I know it may be very wrong,
But there is where my Alice lives;
The future is a mystery,
The sky looks so much like the sea,
And God says love that which He gives,
And have your day, and sing your song.

Methinks beyond the Hills of God My soul would look across the waste, And that again I'd long to be A lover by the moonlit sea; And if I could, I'd fly in haste, And stand again upon the sod.

I'd love the newest angel most;
And if the tenderest flowers of spring,
The lily and the blue harebell,
Were on his brows, I'd nurmur, "Wel';"
And songs of earth 1'd sweetly sing
Among the white-winged angel host.

But God's way is not our way; And I must leave all that I love, And fly away to other worlds; The wind is up, the water curls, And there is naught around, above, But never ending blue and gray.

Typical Women.

ELIZABETH

"THE GOOD QUEEN BESS."

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

If Semiramis, Cleopatra and Zenobia were types of ancient and Oriental civilization, it may be said with equal truth that Elizabeth of England was a fine representative of modern and Western civilization. She came forward at a critical moment in the history of Europe, when the medieval governments were rapidly reforming and the new ideas of literature, art, religion and political economy were presaging vast changes. In her these ideas were very fully embodied, and her long reign now obtains the glory of having so directed the mind and animated the enterprise of the new era as to virtually become the parent of modern progress.

animated the enterprise of the new era as to virtually become the parent of modern progress.

Henry VIII., the father of Elizabeth, was a character at once repulsive and commanding. He was king of a great realm which embraced England and a considerable portion of France. His ambition was boundless; but, led almost wholly by his passions, he became a moral brute, who spent a long life in developing schemes, laws and institutions, every one of which was tainted with his selfishness, molded by his avarice, or expressive of his shrewd will by his avarice, or expressive of his shrewd will. He was at once the father of a new Britain and a new Church, yet had in him not one atom of good principle or honesty. He was, at the best, a detestable man, a detestable husband and a and yet, strange contradi tion! he left on his age and people the impre of an intelligence and energy that make h name renowned in history. Henry first married Catharine of Aragon—

Spanish princess of eminent virtues and It was a marriage of state, purely—made Henry was but twelve years of age; and Catha rine, six years older, was even then the widow of Henry's eldest brother, Arthur. For such an unusual and forbidden alliance a special disan unusual and forbidden alliance a special dispensation from the Pope had to be obtained;
but it was never congenial, and when the beautiful Anne Boleyn came into the queen's household as maid of honor, Henry's fierce love soon
led to the repudiation of Catharine and the
espousal of the maid. By a stupendous process
of perjury, bribery and dictation, Catharine
was dethroned and Anne Boleyn became queen
—an act which brought about an alienation
from the Hierarchy of Rome and the formation
of a new church of which the King of England of a new church, of which the King of England

was the recognized head.

Of Anne he tired in about six years, and for or Anne he tired in about six years, and for "crimes and misdemeanors," trumped up for the purpose, she was condemned and beheaded, in May, 1536—opening the way for Henry's marriage with the lovely Jane Seymour: who, dying within a year, left the gross monarch free for a fourth wife. Her he found in Anne of Cleves—a Dutch woman—whom he had never seen but wed for motives of interest. She came: he saw, and was greatly She came; he saw, and was greatly disappointed, yet had to marry; but in r he beheaded the prime minister who had nego tiated the match, and then had the alliance with the Dutch woman annulled by a mutual agreement, she taking £3,000 per year on which to live in retirement in England, as the repudiated

Catharine lived. Henry had, of course, found a new flame-nis time in Catharine Howard, niece of the great Duke of Norfolk; but, only a few week was she queen, for, having proofs of her in fidelities before marriage, his "honor" de manded her sacrifice and she was beheaded. year later he espoused a widow, Catharine Parr. This wife he tried to impeach, but she was too shrewd for him, and the old monster died (1547) ere he could add another wife to his

Catharine of Spain he had several chil-By Catharine of Spain he had several children, but only the Princess Mary lived to womanhood, to become Queen of England and known as "Bloody Mary." By Anne Boleyn he had one daughter, Elizabeth—the "Good Queen Bess" of the courtier historians. By Jane Seymour he had one son, who reigned after his father's death as Edward VI. By his other wives he had no issue. So the succession followed through Edward (1547) to Mary (1553) the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey reigning but ten days, after Edward's death), and from Mary to Elizabeth, who ascended the throne in January, 1559—she then being twenty-six years

zabeth's childhood and girlhood were pass ed in comparative seclusion, but under good masters, through whose instruction she ad-vanced rapidly in the learning of the times. Says the historian Camden:

"She was in great grace and favor with King Ed-

years of age she understood well the Latin, French and Italian tongues, and had an indifferent knowledge of the Greek. Neither did she neglect music, so far as it became a princess, being able to sing sweetly and play handsomely on the lute."

That one so well qualified, and with the not remote promise of succession to the throne, should be sought in marriage is not strange. Many were the plans and intrigues of state to see her well wed—the Protestant or new church see her well wed—the Protestant or new church faction wishing her to marry at home; the old church faction, who looked to Mary for their hope of restoration to power, earnestly desired Elizabeth wed to some foreigner who would take her off out of the country. But, she had a will and a way of her own, and never found one of the proposed alliances to her taste; so remained single, as also did her Roman Catholic half-sister Mary, until after her accession to the throne, when she wed her cousin, Philip of Spain.

These two women by the force of circumstances became antagonists. Representing the two factions, which were about evenly balanced stance. became antagonists. Representing the two factions, which were about evenly balanced in wealth and strength, there was danger for Mary in Elizabeth's candidacy; and when Mary came to power, in 1553, the new queen was not long in finding a pretext for sending the child of Anne Boleyn to the Tower (March 11th, 1554), from whence Elizabeth expected to come forth only to walk to the headsman.'s block, where her mother had perished. But, stained as was Mary's soul with the blood of many victims, sent to the block, stake and dungeon, she shrunk from ordering an innocent sister's death; and the girl went forth again, in May, to reside in the home of an appointed jailer, whence she was removed, still under surveillance, to the royal palace at Hatfield. There she remained until Mary's death (Nov. 17th, 1558), comporting herself, we are told, with such obedience and submission to the Catholic guardians placed over her, that, when Mary's death was announced, there was no hesitancy of the party in power to admit her, succession. She went up to London Nov. 23d to be received with great demonstrations of joy by people of all ranks and classes. On the 28th she made a grand public progress through the city; and though not formally crowned until January 15th, 1559, commenced at once to exercise her prerogatives as queen.

She quickly betrayed her fitness to command

She quickly betrayed her fitness to command by assuming a mastery over her able council. Little by little the Church of England party Little by little the Church of Engiana party was given the supremacy. Parliament, obedient to her request, formally restored to the crown the jurisdiction over ecclesiastical and spiritual estate established by Henry but nullified by Mary. It formally restored the use of King Edward's "Book of Common Prayer," and public reaching as generally performed, in English, lic worship was generally performed, in English, throughout all England on Whitsunday (May 8th, 1559.)

Immense excitement of course ensued; but, sustained by men, chosen with marvelous sagacity by the queen, she pressed on until she virtually became a recognized head of the schismatics or Protestants in all Europe. Before she had shown her purposes fully she was sought in marriage by Philip of Spain, the husband of Mary; but this alliance, for various reasons, she treated with an indifference which aroused that most powerful monarch's hostility, and for years thereafter the world watched with deepest interest the attitude of these two unbending, haughty and bigoted champions of opposing systems. While it nominally was a struggle of monarchs and opposing systems, after all it was the old antagonism of Saxon against Latin—English and Norman against Roman. Elizabeth found at her call a race of men whose skill and daring excited her to a more than queenly enthusiasm over their brilliant exploits by sea: Drake, Hawkins, Raleigh, Howard and Cavendish covered the name of Briton with glory; and with commendable pride she bestowed honors on her real heroes as well as upon the favorites with whom her name has been associated in no Immense excitement of course ensued; but on her real heroes as well as upon the favorites with whom her name has been associated in no creditable manner.

creditable manner.

Though arbitrary, dictatorial, self-willed and selfish; though she farmed out monopolies in a most gross and oppressive manner; though she retained in high office and authority numerous men of bad character; though she was vain, mean, resentful and treacherous, yet did she ever and at all times bear in mind the greatness of her kingdom, and strive, sedulously, to make the English people, as a people, prosperous and happy.

and happy.

Her wonderful success of course was largely due to her own strength of character and the devotion which it inspired in her subjects; but it must not be forgotten that the age itself was ripe for 'change, progress and expansion. The New World was just opening its shadowy realm to occupation, and pouring a steady stream of ciches into European coffers. The rivalry of nations in adventure, discovery and traffic called into sudden life the best energies of men and governments. The upheaving of the Reformation turned toward England thousands of admirable workers in the arts and manufactories, whose skill made England in one generation become a center of aptest artisanship and in

And, in consonance with this sudden outburst of enterprise, and astonishing assertion of individual energy, there came a greater marvel in whith energy, there came a greater marver in the appearance of a race of thinkers and writers whose fame will live forever—Lord Bacon, Shakspeare, Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Spenser, Hooker; and who, by their forming ideas, laid deep the substructure upon which English literature, philosophy and theology have built so grandly.

grandly.
All these elements were not of Elizabeth's ereation, nor even of her molding. They came out of the era, the times, and the situation, and would have been active under any queen or ring; but Elizabeth was wise enough to detect sheir quality and value, to vitalize them by ap-preciation and to lead them all into the one annel of England's exaltation; and thus the ourished and strengthened until, at her death in 1603, after a reign of forty-four years, the English language, literature and thought ob-tained an ascendency which greatly amaged the older nationalities and more polished peo-

To trace in detail the events of such a reign were quite impossible in a necessarily limited sketch. The woman as woman, and Elizabeth as queen alone, is a theme for a volume. She was a typical woman—with characteristics so strongly defined that there is really no difficulty in reading the story and moral of her life. She in reading the story and moral of her life. She was very gross; so was her era. She was very vain; so were lords and ladies at all the courts. She was red-headed, freckled, ugly-limbed, rough-featured and ungraceful, which was strange considering that her mother really was a beautiful woman, and her father, in mid-life, was a fine-looking man. She was avaricious and mercenary to a contemptible degree; but corruption was so much the rule that even the great and wise Lord Bacon accepted bribes on the bench. She was of rudest and most indelicate speech, but such was the speech of court, camp and country—as the dramas of Shakspeare and his contemporaries, framas of Shakspeare and his contemporaries who painted to the life, only too painfully testify. She was on such terms of intimacy with mown profligates and roues as left an indelible stain on her maiden fame; but if she had been wholly pure it would have been an exception most rare in the court circles of all that era. most rare in the court circles of all that era. She was so little and mean and envious that life in her family was one round of petty tyranny and unhappiness. She was a bigot, as all egotists are; she was a tyrant, as all profoundly selfish natures must be. She hated with a fierce fervor and loved with a love singularly qualified by suspicion and aversion; she distrusted even y suspicion and aversion; she distrusted even her most favored advisers, and literally lived without an honest faith in religion, in men and n the future.

But, glaring as were all these defects of heart est of diplomats, the most sagacious of sovereigns, the best of directors and most tenacious of generals. She obtained and held, steadily to end the love and confidence of her subje the ruled so benignly that modern Englandoves to date from the Elizabethan Era.

AN EDEN GLIMPSE.

ACROSTIC SONNET.

BY JAMES HUNGERFORD.

For but a second, when I saw thee first,

For but a second, when I saw thee first,
A fleeting second merely, did I seem
Newly awaked from many a year of dream;
Nor knew I for that time but, as of erst,
I saw a morn of beauty on me burst—
Eyes feeling-brightened, their celestial beam
Dark lash-enshaded, by whose loving gleam
Ever since then my cares have been dispersed.
Vision most charming of life Eden-prime!
And thou, sweet lady, whose exquisite face,
Lovely as light, and form of matchless grace,
Lately brought back to me my morning time,
Ever may happiness thy life-course trace
Each footstep drawing near an endless home
sublime!

Maud's Easter Lilies.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

THE late westering sunlight was falling in a gorgeous glow of orange and royal purple, crimson and blue through the stained glass windows of the grand old church, lighting with a gladness the somber, massive walnut pews with the rich seal brown cushions, and brightening into positive beauty of glory the gilded pipes of the organ that uprose in pillars of majesty.

There was a sacred pean abroad on the wings of the sunsetting that lovely April afternoon, and within the consecrated walls of St. George's it seemed to brood like a silent blessing, especially now that the actual work of the day was done, and the laborers in their task of love and beauty had ceased from it, and were resting a moment before they left the church alone to its Easter adornments.

"It looks very well, Miss Esmond, does it not?"

"It looks very well, Miss Esmond, does it not?"

It was Mr. Secretan who spoke—the rector of St. George's, and he looked at Maud Esmond's sweet face as he had found himself looking strangely often of late—a look that, while it made the girl's heart thrill with sweet, vague happiness, filled his own with the deepest sense of rest and content he ever had known.

She was a girl whom one could hardly look at and fail to admire. Not for her beauty—Mabel Trenchard standing beside her, radiant and sparkling in her clear brunette beauty, dressed becomingly in the latest fashion, well-bred, styl-ish—Mabel Trenchard, the dashing soprano soloist in the St. George choir, whom people came from near and far to hear—Mabel Trenchard, who lived in the handsome house on the hill—was incomparably more noticeable than Maud Esmond, with her quiet, gentle, unobtrusive ways, her unassuming mode of attire, her sweet, low voice that enough people thought far more worth listening to than Miss Trenchard's.

And yet, every one admired Maud—her lovely gray eyes, that mirrored every emotion, her pure, colorless face that never wore a flush less delicate than that one finds at the heart of a blush-rose, her exquisitely-penciled brows, black as ebony, her beautiful hair that rippled naturally from the wide parting—people liked to look at her, and yet no one had ever said she was pretty, but—"oh! what a sweet face!"

And Ellis Secretan had said so, many a time. Many a time when he had listened to her tender contralto solos—for Maud was one of the choir, too—he had felt his very heart tremble at the sweetness of her voice, that, singing or speaking, held in its tones the same pathos of tenderness and intensity of feeling.

Often and often he had asked himself if it was love for this girl that was creeping into his heart, and twining around his very being, and

love for this girl that was creeping into his heart, and twining around his very being, and conquering him, with a sweet, subtle, resistless

To-day, the Saturday afternoon before the glorious Easter Sunday, he and Maud and Mabel Trenchard, and the two gentlemen from the choir, and the superintendent of the Sabbath school, had been busy twining the greens and making the chancel a very bower of beauty and grace.

Mr. Thorne and Frank Haughton had worked Mr. Thorne and Frank Haughton had worked with a jolly will, and the grave-demeanored elderly gentleman who presided over the school had climbed ladders and reached perilously from pillar to pillar to hang the fairy festoons Maud and Mabel's deft hands had wreathed. Mr. Secretan, so handsome, so reserved, so pleasant, yet so grave, had done just whatever the girls—or rather whatever Mabel Trenchard ordered, for it was not in sweet Maud to even laughingly take the lead.

So they had all worked and worked well; the tenor and bass had gone home; the Sunday-

fairs with a brother at the vestibule entrance and they three-Maud, Mabel and Mr. Secretar stood in the dying flush and glory of the sun-set, looking at the transformation they had ef-

Then Mr. Secretan had looked at Maud, and asked her a simple enough question—one that Mabel Trenchard, at the other end of the altar, watching the effect of a cross she had hung, did not hear, or even having heard, could not have told the thrill of sympathetic magnetism that

Maud's low, sweet voice answered Mr. Secre-

"It looks well, I think. Nothing is needed out one spray of pure lilies springing out of that billar beside your desk. But we have exhausted all our lilies. A commonplace enough answer, yet even the ound of the words was sweetest music to Ellis

ecretan's ears.

Mabel Trenchard turned suddenly toward nem, ever so faint a flush on her clear creamy olive cheeks, only the merest suggestion of a trifle of a flash in her black eyes. She had not heard what the rector and Maud

Esmond were saying, but she knew it stabbed her like a knife to know they two talked alone together at all, and she left her critical rearrangement of a trailing vine of smilax, rather than that the man she loved and the woman who was her rival should have even so small an

opportunity.
"About lilies? I think we can get more.
Nellie Dane promised us several, don't you remember?...Do you think more are needed, Mr. Secretan?"

Secretan?"

Her clear, ringing tones, resonant as a silver bell, almost jarred on his ears.

"I think Miss Esmond's judgment is artistic. I cannot imagine anything more graceful than the spray of lilies she suggests, springing from that vivid green pillar. Decidedly, if Miss Dane has lilies, get them, unless—" He half smiled at Maud, who returned the look.

"You mean to reprove me for not have offer-

You mean to reprove me for not have offered my one selitary spray of three lilies to the church, Mr. Secretan. Of course you know I have them, as they are in full view to every passer by my window, but I had intended them for a different destination. They have been nursed into bloom for a—friend." That exquisite blush-rose tint came faintly in her face, and her voice lowered a tone; and somehow, Ellis Secretan felt that her Easter lilies had been

reared for him.

It might have been presumption, it might have been the sudden birth of false hopes, but it was joy unspeakable to him to let the blessed thought revel in his heart.

"My pure, lovely lily herself, my Easter treasure, my darling! Oh, God grant she may be my darling!" The voiceless prayer went up from his heart as Mabel's answer to Maud came.

"I shall feel most horribly if my one poor "I shall feel most horribly if my one poor little calla is to be overlooked in the general do-nation. Mr. Secretan, isn't it rather singular that I, too, have been coaxing a refractory bud into flower, to present to a dear friend on East-er morning? But, I shall give it to the church, after all. I shall bring it and add my little per-sonal share to the the floral decorations. Praise

She was so arch, so coquettish, so handsome, that it would have been strange had not Mr. Secretan admired her as she stood there so ra-

diant in the purple-gray dusk that was gathering like a delicate vail of mist. And Maud, looking from Mabel's impassioned eyes that scarcely concealed their secret, to Mr. Secretan's bright countenance—bright from a reflex of his own sweet thoughts concerning herself, far more than from the very human admiration Mabel Trenchard elicited, Maud thought, with a swift pang of pain that, after all the fond Mabel Trenchard elicited, Maud thought, with a swift pang of pain that, after all the fond girlish dreams she had permitted herself to enjoy, after all the kindness Mr. Secretan had shown her, after all the vague happiness she had, somehow, experienced, in connection with him, it had been nothing but dreams, and only kindness, and certainly very vague vagueness. Of course he cared for beautiful Mabel Trenchard, with her elegance of manner, her beauty of person, her artistic voice, her prospects of substantial worth.

And then Maud turned away down the center.

substantial worth.

And then Maud turned away down the center aisle, with a dull pain at her soul that was not lessened by the rector's voice, pleasant, gentlemanly, and to her ear, so indifferent.

"I think Miss Esmond, that, as Miss Trenchard has kindly donated her lily, you had better adhere to your intention, and give yours to your friend. My word for it, they will be appreciated as a precious Easter token."

What sarcasm of mockery, when he was the friend to whom she had dared dream she would present them!

There was a quiver in her voice as she an-

There was a quiver in her voice as she answered him—a quiver so resolutely overcome by womanly pride and resentment that he heard only the coldness.

only the coldness.

"I am not sure I shall take your advice, Mr. Secretan. Why, it is nearly dark!"
And as they stepped outside, Mr. Secretan thought he must have been mistaken after all about the disposal of her lilies.

He lingered a moment to talk with Mabel about the service of song for the morning, and Maud sauntered leisurely along until Mabel should overtake her, which she did, with hurried step, a moment later, and flushing cheeks.

"We shall be obliged to hurry—at least I shall, for Mr. Secretan wishes me to be back with my one poor little lily at seven exactly. He said he wished particularly to see me—oh, Maud, if—"

Her pause told her hopes, her expectations as

Her pause told her hopes, her expectations as eloquently as words could have done. Maud's heart beat unsteadily a moment, then she an-

neart beat unsteadily a moment, then she answered her.

"Mr. Secretan could mean but one thing if he said he especially wished to see you. You will be the happiest woman the Easter morn will shine on, Mabel."

And after the two had parted at the corner where the ways diverged, Mabel went home with excitement flashing in her eyes, and a look that was not rest or peace—or the promise of joy on her handsome face.

"If she chose to misconstrue me, is it my fault? Is not to-night as good a time as ever to give her to understand what I intend shall be a fact before long? Mr. Secretan does wish specially to see me—and the tenor, to suggest a slight change in the opening anthem. If Maud thinks I mean something else, can I help it?"

And Maud walked quickly home, and bent her tearless eyes over her lilies whose blooming had been such a precious toil of pleasure for his sake.

"My poor blessome! He will not eare for you

"My poor blossoms! He will not care for you or for me! Your beauty, that was to please him alone, shall not be lost. You shall come

with me."

She talked to them as some finely-strung women have a way of talking to their flowers, as though their grace and beauty and fragrance were tokens of sentient knowledge and appre-

were tokens of sentient knowledge and appreciation.

Then, a while later—long after the appointed hour when Mabel had been to the dimly-lighted, solemn old church with her one lily, and placed it where it was needed; when Mr. Secretan and Mr. Thorne, the tenor, had stood by and criticised lightly, and the three had adjourned to the organ in the rectory adjoining, and after an hour of practice, Mr. Thorne had escorted Mabel home—Mabel, thoroughly disgusted and chagrined and not a little conscience-stricken—after all this had happened, while Maud had been fighting down the anguish and distress in her poor tempest-tossed heart, then she carefully severed her cherished Easter lilies, and wrapped them in oil silk and tissue paper, and slipped quietly out and down the street to the dear old church, where, on the morrow, she would sing her sad minor strains in the opening anthem—strains as typical of her own heart as would Mabel's be, in the closing solo—grand, joyous, triumphant, victorious.

The door was ajar, and several lights were burning dimly. She stole up the deserted as she remembered the dreams and the awakening from the dreams she had known beneath that arched roof.

ing from the dreams she had known beneath

that arched roof. She unwrapped her lilies—so snowily pure, so exquisitely perfect; she touched them with her quivering lips, and then—as the pity of it all overcame her, the disappointment of it all surged in hot thrills of pain over her, she threw them down on the steps, and covered her face with her hands, barely able to stand from sheer agitation and the passion of tears that came

gushing through her fingers.
Until Ellis Secretan came suddenly upon her, and touched her hands with his own, and spoke to her.

"Maud! What troubles you? You can tell me and let me help you bear it?"

His sweet, sympathetic voice stabbed her deeper yet—that dear voice that had whispered love-words to Mabel Trenchard!

She drew away from him.
"I have no trouble that you can remove, Mr.

ecretan. I came to bring my lilies. He stooped and picked them up. "The happy flowers you were intending for that dear friend of yours? Do you know, Maud—forgive me if I offend—do you know I was so foolish as to hope those lilies were for— me^{2} "

There was no mistaking his tone, his manner.

Even old Mr. Hart, the sexton, standing an aisle

away, dusting a pew-back vigorously, would have understood the passion in the tone.

Maud looked up, almost affrighted.

"Mr. Secretan!—you thought—I meant—you!
Oh, how can you say so? Please, please don't make me any more unhappy than I am by thinking you dare talk so to me, after—after loving Mabel!"

Poor girl! She was awkward in proportion as he was astonished. He listened, puzzled, a gravity on his fine face that lightened as she spoke. As she finished he actually smiled.

"So you thought I loved Miss Trenchard, did

you, little girl? rirl? And the knowledge made you Thank God for that, Maud, for I unhappy? Thank God for that, Maud, for I know by it that you do care for me—oh, my darling, my love—if you will have it so! Maud, dear, I don't know how you came to believe I cared for Miss Trenchard, but you are mistaken. It is you, little girl, and has been only you ever since I first knew you! Now tell me it was I whom you meant to have the lilies—I, darling, because you loved me—because you love me now, and will add new joy to the glory of Easter morning by promising to be my precious

She stood breathless; a perfect flood of rose and golden light seemed pouring into her soul. Her tears were flowing faster than before, but instead of the bitter drops wrung from an aching heart, they were the crystal overflow of an almost unendurable happiness.

She listened while he plead his cause so well,

ifted her saint-like eyes, that were irra-with the glory within. then, lifted her saint-like 'It will indeed be Easter for me—the resur-

rection of deathless hope and happiness from the dark grave of anguish and despair! Mr. Secretan, the lilies were for you—because—I

And the Easter Sabbath dawned golden-sunned and azure-skied and balmy-zephyred; and of all who rendered the joyful service of sermon or song, there were none with such blessings in their hearts, such rich promise for future bliss as he to whom she gave, and she who nursed to bloom, Maud's Easter Lilies.

ANTICIPATION.

BY ERN E. STILLMAN.

The May-time is coming, is coming
All garlanded fair;
With voices brimming over with laughter
And flooding the air;
With woodlands and valleys sweet-ringing
With bird minstrelsy;
With violets and daisies up-springing
And blossoming free,
And roses, red-hearted, coming after,
Perfuming the leas,
While over the meadows, low-humming,
Flock bevies of bees.

My darling is coming, is coming
With loving, bright eyes
Like violets dew-gleaming at morning,
Or sunny May skies;
With heart brimming over with sweetness
Of love's melody;
With voice like the brook in its fleetness
Murmuring in glee;
With cheeks like the flushes of dawning,
Radiantly bright—
My darling is coming, is coming
To gladden my sight.

May-time and my darling are coming!
I hear, oh, I hear
Their voices together out-streaming
In the future near!
She went—and with her all gladness
Departed from me,
And my lone spirit sung in sadness
A wild threnody;
She comes—and all nature is beaming,
Brightening her way,
And my heart is throbbing and drumming
Awaiting the May!

Lady Helen's Vow;

THE MOTHER'S SECRET.

A Romance of Love and Honor.

BY THE LATE MRS. E. F. ELLET.

CHAPTER XXIV. THE MEETING AT THE OPERA.

THE MEETING AT THE OPERA.

Parliament had commenced its session in London; though as yet some of the fashionables had not left their homes in the country to endure the discomforts of a March in the metropolis. There was no lack, however, of gayety in high circles.

Alicia and her father had their lodgings at a private family hotel in Berkeley square, almost exclusively patronized by the nobility.

The girl had fairly entered society, having been presented at court by a noble kinswoman, and chaperoned everywhere by Lady Northampton.

ampton.

The world of fashion had its charms for her;

The world of fashion had its charms for her; and many suitors were at her feet. The baron felt sure of effacing the image of Reginald, in the splendid prospects, that at her consent, would open before her.

The Marquis and Marchioness of Estonbury, with the dewager marchioness, were in their magnificent town-house in Piccadilly. The dowager did not as yet allow herself to be seen at balls or routs; but she accompanied her daughter in drives almost every day, and made one of the home circle in the drawing-room.

She continually urged the young wife into gay society; and Helen passively obeyed, little as she seemed to enjoy scenes of the kind. She wore the honors her marriage had won with more dignity than either her mother or her husband had anticipated.

more dignity than either her mother or her husband had anticipated.

Estonbury had never loved her, and made no pretense of doing so. So long as she add not mortify his pride, so long as she appeared at the head of his table and in public with grace and majesty sufficient to do him credit, he was content. He rarely went out with her. He was courteous to her at all times; and that surely was as much as she could expect, without any manifestation of the affection he could not feel!

feel!

Her submission to his slightest wish was the same at all times. Obedience she had promised; and she kept her vow implicitly. So gentle and complying was she in everything that he felt the yoke an easy one, and in turn was pleased to indulge her wishes whenever he learned them. This he did through the dowager. No occasion of difference had ever yet arisen.

The mother-in-law had her full swing in the exercise of power, and in social supremacy.

exercise of power, and in social supremacy. Her daughter was subject to her; yet she kept the depths of her nature hidden even from maternal eyes. Georgiana, Lady Estonbury, could our fail to perceive that the young wife had a purpose which, should circumstances ever derelop it into action, she would be powerless to

They were together at the opera. three gentlemen friends had joined them in their box, and were assiduous in their court to the dowager. Helen was tacitum; and seldom the dowager. Helen was taciturn; and seldom encouraged the attentions of their fashionable equaintances. She sat in front, her eyes fixed a the stage, absorbed in the singing and acting of the great barytone, whose voice entranced the audience whenever it was heard. Helen was very fond of music. It was her

place in melancholy hours, her resource in solitude. Nothing could give half the pleasure she took at the opera; and their box was always occupied when great artists appeared.

She did not notice the different visitors enter-

ing and departing, after brief conversations with her mother; till, at some interval in the music, she heard the dowager sportively rallying one of the gentlemen on his admiration for a new star in fashionable circles. "She does, indeed, look lovely to-night! I heard of her beauty at the time she was present-

od. She is all the rage in a certain se "She should not be a belle," was the der. "Her nature is too fresh. The The air of the You are poetical, my lord," said the lady.

With such a theme, who could wonder!" exclaimed the gentleman.

"Look at her now, receiving that bouquet from one of her worshipers," said another, who

had lifted a glass to his eye. Helen noticed the direction in which he looked, and timidly raised hers for a moment. She saw in a box nearly opposite a very beautiful young girl, whose air, dress and whole de-meanor were so different from the general run of young ladies she had seen that her attention oung girl, whose air. was irresistibly attracted.

Who is that lady?" she whispered, leaning back and speaking to a gentleman near her.

"In the box opposite? I have not the pleasure of knowing the lady; but I know her name.
She is the daughter of Lord Swinton, a Scottish

I have never met her!" "Indeed! She has been out but a short time; yet she has created a marked sensation in so-I hear her toasted at the clubs." "A protegee of Lady Northampton's," remarked the dowager, "could not fail of creat-

ing a sensation."
"But this is owing to herself. She is so young, and unspoiled by flattery; she has no wish for admiration, though it follows her the more, per-

haps, for her indifference."
"Is she an heiress?"
"The barony is a poor one; ancient, but shorn of its former possessions. Her father has barely enough to maintain his standing, living at the

extent of his income. Then she has no fortune?" "None but her wild grace and sweetness, flowers so unused to this soil, that they charm every one," said the poetical lord who had be-

Is she a guest of Lady Northampton?" asked the dowager.
"No; but she goes everywhere with her.
She is with her father; and he has no house in

"How I should like to call upon her!" thought the young marchioness.

Then the star of the evening again appeared, and she was absorbed in the music.

As they came out, at the conclusion of the opera, their course was stopped by several acquaintances. Some little delay occurred near the door; and quite unexpectedly and suddenly young Lady Estonbury found herself close enough to the young girl she had observed in the box to have a good view of her face. She felt at once its "wild-rose sweetness."

Alicia was surrounded by attendant gentlemen; but never did girl seem more unconscious of the addingting the words:

"Can she suspect? Impossible! She knows nothing! If she did, would she drag ruin upon her own head?"

"Chapter XXV.

A NEW FRIEND.

In the room next to that occupied by Reginald looked his astonishment.

"You have shown me kindness. Beware how you go on, how you allow me to presume upon it. I may not always be able to resist the ardent dear to the total coupied by Reginald at the Temple, a strange, elderly man passed many hours of every day. It was a sort of office in which he kept his papers and occasionally received a visit; sometimes, in bad of the addingtion of the dowager, who sunk into her chair, faint and trembling; her lips articulating the words:

"Can she suspect? Impossible! She knows nothing! If she did, would she drag ruin upon her own head?"

"You have shown me kindness. Beware how you go on, how you allow me to presume upon it. I may not always be able to resist the ardent deep the dowager, who sunk into her chair, faint and trembling; her lips articulating the words:

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"Can she suspect? Impossible! She knows nothing! If she did, would she drag ruin upon her own head?"

"You have shown me kindnes."

"You speak in riddles, sir."

"I will explain; that is my object in coming. You are young, generous, and ready of access. It would be easy for a man who knows the world, like myself, to e

gine the influence one of the two was to exercise over the destinies of the other!

The dowager hurried her daughter forward, and the cry of "Lady Estonbury's carriage" was presently heard.

As the ladies ascended the stairs to their sleeping apartments, the young marchioness saw Mrs. Chisholm coming out of her mother's dressing-room. The dame turned back into the room and remained there. Helen wondered what it could mean. Chisholm was no longer one of the household, and not a frequent visitor.

Helen had not forgotten her resolution, nor the solemn vow she had taken on the eve of her marriage, though she had never since, to her mother, mentioned the name of Reginald.

She resolved to lose no time in learning what news the discharged maid had brought; for she was convinced her errand had something to do

chioness, emphatically. "You are mistaken in supposing I love Reginald Holmes." He went by that name, and Helen had learned

the fact.
"Indeed, I feared it," saidher mother. "You comfort me by the assurance that you have for-

"Nor have I forgotten him, mamma. But I know that to love him as I once did would be a sin; and I have schooled my heart. If I were

free at this moment, and you gave consent, I would not marry him."
"I am glad to hear you speak so, Helen." "But I am still interested in his fortunes—in his future. I am pledged to watch over it as if he were my own brother."

"That is but natural, child, since you were

Tell me of it, mamma,"

"Chisholm has been to see him."

"He is in London, then?"

"Yes, studying law; he has a great talent for the law, I understand."

"Well—go on!" 'Well—go on!"
'Mr. Chisholm heard that he was aided by

"Hr. Chisolin heard that he was afted by some Scottish friends, and naturally he wished to share in his good prospects."

"By what right?" asked Helen, quickly.

"Helen, you forget that the Chisholms are Reginald's parents."

"I know enough to convince me that they are not his parents." was the prompt answer.

not his parents," was the prompt answer.
The dowager grew very pale and grasped her daughter's arm.
"Helen, have you ever communicated to Regi-

nald your doubts on this subject?"
"I, mother! I have never seen nor spoken to Reginald since we parted at the Court." Nor written—nor sent message to him?"

"Neither."

"Beware how you do so, girl! Butsomehow, he has the same notion. When Chisholm claimed from him a sum of money for his and his wife's support, he was coldly refused. When his wife—my maid that was—went to him to crave help on the score of relationship, he disowned her! He refused to believe she was his mother." On what ground?"

'His own feelings—his inward conviction."
'He is right!" cried Lady Estonbury, clasp-Silly girl! you defend such unnatural con-

duct!"
"You know why I do not think he is their son. He had not the 'strawberry birth-mark,'

"Helen!" cried her mother, white with rage,
"if you ever dare allude to that again, you will
"the so now, Reginald. Do genius, industry, mental power of the highest kind—noble integrity of character, constitute no claim?

offend me past forgiveness!"
"It was Chisholm I heard mention it as belonging to her boy."
"Silence! or I shall tell you no more."
"I will be silent. So he disowned the Chis-

Entirely; they could only get one promise

"Why, my Lady Incredulous, how do you know that?" "Because Reginald promptly declined your offer, and my lord's, of an independence. He would not after that, make any claim."

"Chisholm, the woman I mean, spoke of your husband's willingness to assist him; and he spurned at it, as before." That is likely.

"That is likely."
"Then she asked if he were willing they should receive my lord's bounty, as they needed What said he?"

"What said he?"
"That he had no claim to anything, nor would he accept anything. If they received aid from my lord it must be independent of all claims on his part, and not founded on any supposed relationship to him." He was right.

The dowager flashed a glance of anger on her "He sent Chisholm away, bidding her—the unnatural monster!—never come into his presence again. But she will ask my lord for the provision the misguided young man refused.'

Helen made no reply.

"Have you any objection to that?"

"I do not know—" she answered, musingly.

"At least, if Chisholm obtains money from Lord Estonbury, you will not oppose his liberality."

No-I will not; I do not care what he gives the man or his wife."
"It was scandalous in Reginald to refuse them

assistance. He is already making money by his labors; and then he is known to be intimate with the rich merchant—the India man—"
"Who?" asked the young lady.
"His name is Wallrade, I understand, though I never saw him. He is rich, but does not bear a good character."

a good character. a good character.
"And Reginald is intimate with him!"
"I have heard so. His money will cover a
multitude of sins, in the eyes of a needy young

elen had riven to leave the room, but turned him.

back at this; her face aflame with anger.
"If you mean, nother, that Reginald will be the friend of a bad man because he is rich," she verses has greatly interested me. Yours is no said, "you say what is not the truth. It is not his nature. Nor would he have east off the Chisholms, had he not been firmly convinced they had imposed not been firmly convinced Chisholms, had he not been firmly convinced they had imposed on him a lie and a fraud. You know, mother, as well as I do, that he is not their son."

You are kind to say so, replied the student, feeling embarrassed, though flattered.

'I must now state my errand. I come, not to ask the honor of knowing you and being the loveliest of her sex had succored me."

enough to the young girl she had observed in the box to have a good view of her face. She felt at once its "wild-rose sweetness."

Alicia was surrounded by attendant gentlemen; but aever did girl seem more unconscious of the admiration she excited. She was leaning on the arm of Sir Victor Wilder, and on the other side of her stood a majestic-looking lady, a peeress well known in the highest circles, who was attended by Lord Swinton.

For one instant the eyes of young Lady Estonbury met those of the fair girl, and each seemed to find in the other some attraction of the kind not expressed in ordinary acquaintanceship. Alicia's rosy lips parted in a half-smile and Helen bowed slightly, and felt the warm color rush to her face. Neither could imagine the influence one of the two was to exercise over the destinies of the other!

CHAPTER XXV.

A NEW FRIEND.

In the room next to that occupied by Reginald at the Temple, a strange, elderly man passed many hours of every day. It was a sort of office in which he kept his papers and occasionally received a visit; sometimes, in bad weather, lodging there.

Reginald had often met him on the stairs, and had several times rendered trifling services, such as supplying him with matches, inviting him to warm himself by his fire; lending him paper, pen and ink when he happened to have none; offering the morning Times, etc. He saw the traces of suffering in the shrunken and slightly-bent form, the deeply-lined features and sallow complexion; these were sufficient to interest him; for his compassion was readily drawn out by the evidence of sorrow or trouble of any kind.

The dowager hurried her daughter forward and the cry of "Ladv Est daughter forward a

The stranger had once or twice seemed on the verge of confidence; of communication beyond the cold commonplaces of mere recognition; and the young man was ready to make his acquaintance. Then he had suddenly and unaccountably drawn back into silence.

Reginald, who had been interested in his intelligent countenance and the manner, so eager and impulsive that it betrayed his foreign birth, thought this strange, but he made no effort to overcome the reserve.

vercome the reserve. One day, seeing the man go down-stairs be-fore him, he had pointed him out to his friend, Frank Ralston. On a subsequent visit young

Ralston remarked, carelessly:

"I heard something that surprised me concerning your neighbor. The old man is very

news the discharged maid had brought; for she was convinced her errand had something to do with him.

She came into the dowager's dressing-room the next morning, and asked at once the question she longed to ask; frankly avowing, when taxed by Lady Estonbury, that her interest in Reginald prompted her to ask it.

"You ought to be ashamed, Helen," her mother added, "to care for another man than your husband to whom your love belongs."

"Mother, listen to me," said the young marchioness, emphatically. "You are mistaken in supposing I love Reginald Holmes."

rich."

"You would not think so, from his plain dress, and his having a home here."

"His attire, though not costly, is always neat," returned Reginald. "And he has the air of a man burdened with cares. Your poor man is free from them, you know."

"He is not an Englishman?"

"No; a German by birth; a thrifty person, like many of his nation."

"Indeed?"

like many of his nation."

"It is strange that he remains in London."

"He may be looking for an heir to his money. I heard something of that sort."

"Looking for an heir?"

"Or rather an heiress."

"Wanting to adopt a daughter, or to marry?"

"Hardly the last, with such a face and figure. But I heard nothing definite. You had best cultivate him," added Frank, laughing.

"Thank you; the business of heritage-hunting has no attractions for me. What you say, however, explains the reasons of his deportment toward me."

he were my own brother."

"That is but natural, child, since you were brought up together. You will be glad, then, to hear of his success."

"Tell me of it many."

"How so?"

"We have interchanged neighborly offices; but when on the point of becoming better acquainted, he has always drawn back."

"Why? How account for the last of the last o "Why? How account for that?"
"If he is rich, he naturally avoids the poor

"If he is rich, he naturally avoids the poor, who might become troublesome. He shrinks from a penniless young man, situated as I am."

"The greater fool if he does! Your friendship, my boy, would do honor to a prince."

"You have a princely soul, Frank, to think so; but others will judge me according to my circumstances. To change the subject, I have an invitation for you. Here."

They had entered the office, and Reginald took a dainty rose-colored card from a pile of papers.

"To Lady Brandon's—for Thursday."

"I owe this to you, old fellow!" cried Frank.

"Her ladyship is one of the few whose kindness has followed me in spite of my fall," said Reginald, gratefully. "If I went into any society, I would attend her ball. You shall bear my excess." "But you must go."
Reginald shook his head, with a grave smile

"Let me tell you where I saw her ladyship's carriage on Saturday. At T— Hotel in Berkeley square. You know who lodges there?"
"I do not know," replied Reginald.
"Baron Swinton and his daughter. I heard her ladyship's footman inquire for them."
A flush overswept the young law-student's

"I knew they were in London," he said.
"They are lodging at that hotel; and Lady
Brandon visits them. They will be—at least
the young lady will be—at her house on Thurs-"The more reason I should not go. I have

resolved not to claim the acquaintance of—of-the baron till I am in a position to meet himthem—on a footing of equality.

That reminds me—here is a letter from my ther; he has again placed a sum at his banker' to your credit."

Frank drew a paper from his pocket, and handed it to Reginald, who put it back, declining to

"No, Frank; I have too long trespassed on your father's generosity. My best thanks for this new proof of his kindness; but I am earn-"What was that?"
"That they might take and enjoy whatever it might please Lord Estonbury to bestow on him."
"Berinely, take to long trespassed on this new proof of his kindness; but I am earning money now; quite enough for all my expenses."
"Reginald, you will not mortify my fother."

"Nay, mother, I know Reginald never so worded it."
"Why, my Lady Incredulous, how do you "Reginald! you will not morthly in the and me by refusing his help!"
"If I needed it—I would not; but, you see, "If I needed it—I would not; but, you see, thanks to the Laird's liberality, I am not only thanks to the Laird's liberality." independent, but have excellent prospects. Do not ask me to receive aid when I can stand

Frank put back the paper with reluctance

"You have been injuring your health by writing o' nights," he said, reproachfully.
"Do you recognize my style in the article?" asked Reginald, touching the *Times* on the table.
"Well—it is only now and then. They don't employ my pen regularly."
"As well not. Your health would not stand the strein. Promise me you will not do it. the strain. Promise me you will not do it

It was not for money. I did not need that. But I wanted to air my opinions. Don't be un-easy, Frank. When I need funds again I will

After a little more friendly talk the friends separated.
Not half an hour afterward, Reginald heard a tap at his door. He went and opened it. The shriveled elderly man who had been the subject of their conversation stood there.

"Have you a few moments' leisure, Mr. Holmes?" he asked.

Reginald courteously bowed, and asked him to walk in. He placed a chair for him, wondering what had caused this first visit.

The visitor took the seat, laid his hat on the table, and rubbed his hands, while looking at

the young lawyer.

"You are surprised to see me," he remarked, speaking slowly; "but you will be more so when you know my errand."

Reginald looked up inquiringly.

Reginald looked up inquiringly.

"I have often thought, young gentleman, that your acquaintance would be a most desirable one for me, lonely as I am, and well able as you are to lend a charm to companionship and to give counsel in doubtful matters."

Again the young man bowed. There was something of fascination to him in the deference of this intelligent stranger, and he murmured.

of this intelligent stranger, and he murmured an acknowledgment of the pleasure it promised

verses has greatly interested me. Fours is no common character. Any honorable man might feel proud of your acquaintance,"

"You are kind to say so," replied the student,

"I will explain; that is my object in coming. You are young, generous, and ready of access. It would be easy for a man who knows the world, like myself, to entice you into an intimacy, which would be a solace and a delight to myself. We should almost inevitably glide into something like it, being near neighbors, if I did not caution you against it."

"And why should you do so?"

"Because—because—I am unworthy to be an associate or a friend of yours."

"I cannot believe that. Mr.—"

'I cannot believe that, Mr.—"
'Wallrade is my name."
'Mr. Wallrade, I have wished to know you

for some time."
"You will wish it no longer, when you know what I am.

I have heard of you; and have heard noth-"Few know anything of my antecedents. I reveal them to you for a safeguard. I am a man—who has been tried for theft—and convicted."

Reginald stared as if he thought the respect able-looking, elderly man had suddenly gone mad.
"Perhaps no more than one or two in Great

Britain know the fact. It is nevertheless true."
"You astonish me, Mr. Wallrade."
"If you have time, I will tell you something

"If you have time, I will tell you something of my past life."

Reginald signified his desire to hear it.
"It is some thirty-five years ago that I was tried, as I told you; it was soon after I came to live in London. I was in pressing need of money, on an emergency that admitted of no delay. I called upon a friend who belonged to my regiment—for I had enlisted as a soldier—to borrow a few guineas. He was absent. In haste and desperation I opened his escritoir and took out ten pounds, leaving a note to say I had borrowed it and would soon pay it back. I was gone some days, and when I returned, I found the regiment in a ferment. The robbery had been discovered, and the servant of my friend was in prison, charged with the theft."

"But your note—"

prison, charged with the theft."

"But your note—"

"That had been lost, unfortunately. As I left it in the desk, I always thought the man suspected had afterward opened the desk for nefarious purposes; and had got the papers into confusion. I was stunned by this turn of affairs. The prisoner had insisted that he saw me leaving the escritoir; and, before I could see how to make matters straight, I was summoned for examination. My confession availed nothfor examination. My confession availed nothing; I was remanded for trial; tried and convicted, as I told you."

"On your own confession?"
"Chiefly that; but most of the bank-notes, the numbers of which were marked, were identified and traced to me. I was sentenced to the punishment of theft, but my friend, who had all along been confident of the truth of my statement, and had suffered terribly from the proceedings he had no power to stop, was indefatigable in my behalf. He obtained a pardon for me."

A pardon! a poor compensation for the brand of crime!"

"So I thought; and I resolved to leave the country. I could not live in England with a sullied reputation; and my reckless impatience had deserved some punishment. My friend pro-

cured me a clerkship in a mercantile house and went to India."

"And this was all!" exclaimed Reginald.

"You were not guilty of crime. There is no reason why you should shun the association of honorable men, on account of that early indispretion."

cretion."

He grasped Wallrade's hand with a cordial pressure. The old man gave him a grateful look, as he proceeded:

"I will finish my outline; and then you can judge. In the midst of my trouble, one lovely lady, who learned my misfortune, took pity on me. It was owing to her intercession that my friend was able to procure the pardon; and her gentle influence raised up those who cared for me. She was a lady of rank; she bore an hon-She was a lady of rank: she bore an honme. She was a lady of rank; she bore an hon ored name; she was far above me; but I vowed vow in my inmost heart, that for her sake would devote myself to a life of useful labor." "It was a noble resolve."

"She gave me her miniature before I left En

and; see, I have it here, fastened to my

He drew out a small locket of fine wrought gold, depending on a slender gold chain. It opened with a spring. The face disclosed was that of a beautiful and very young girl. Reginald examined it with much interest; for

the features were strangely familiar to him.
"I see what you are thinking of; you are mistaken. There was no love in the case. The lady—she was very young—almost a child— pitied me as the angels pity the doomed; I wor-shiped her as a patron saint. Years afterward I eard of her marriage to a noble lord; and I entured to send from India a rich shawl, manu-lectured for a princess—of which I begged her

I served my employers well: I was made a artner; I became rich. My blight was un-nown; I was esteemed among all who knew me. I formed the acquaintance of one young Englishman of noble family, who was an officer in the army; but compelled to leave it on account of failing health. I nursed him through a severe illness; and he persuaded me to accompany him to England, when he was ordered become?

"His name was Egbert Vane. We made the yage together; at least part of it; for the ip was wrecked, and most of those on board

perished."

"How dreadful! You both escaped?"

"It was upon a hidden reef that we had been driven. I was swept into the sea when the ship went to pieces; but I managed to grasp a few loose spars, and tied them together with some cordage I got from the wreck. I had just shoved the raft clear from the reef, when a shoved the raft clear from the reet, when a drowning man was swept within reach of my hands; and I clutched him by the hair. I dragged him upon the raft; he was insensible, but I brought him to with a few drops of brandy, and a little chafing.

"Then I bade him secure himself to the raft. Not till morning dayned did I know when I

Not till morning dawned, did I know whom I had saved. It was Egbert Vane."
"Providential, indeed."

"I will attempt no description of our experience, driven by wind and wave far from the sight of men, and without provisions, on a frail raft. We looked only for death; but we were destined to live. On the fourth day a vessel picked us up, in a state of exhaustion nigh to death." death. Again providential!" exclaimed Reginald.

deeply interested.

"It was a German vessel, bound to a German port. We were landed, but poor Egbert was too ill to travel far. I was again his nurse, and when he was well enough, we went into the mountains for the benefit of his health."

"Who would dare to call you heartless?"

"We were like brothers; but my companion soon found one whom he could love with a deeper and warmer love. She was very beautiful

er and warmer love. She was very beautiful. but of humble birth

"When I saw that Egbert was becoming attached to her, I remonstrated with him. I showed him that he could not honorably court a girl in her station. But he would not regard my warnings. The intimacy grew and continued, though the meetings of the two were concealed from me."

cealed from me."
"Imprudent, certainly."
"At last I went to see the young girl, who lived with her mother at Kaiserswerth on the Rhine. I warned her against the danger; I felt for her

"How did she receive your caution?"
"With haughty courtesy; thanking me for my good intentions, but assuring me that she was able to take care of herself. Egbert dismensionally attracted Reginald's attention. Alicia covered what I had done, and we had a quar-

Such interference seldom avails much."

"Such interference seldom avails much."
"I reproached him, and he did not deny that he meant never to give up the maiden. He attributed to jealousy all I had done. Thus we parted; parted forever."
"What did he do?"
"I never learned. I never cared to inquire. I went to another part of Germany, and thence came to England. Once, since, I have revisited the place where we spent so many months, happy in each other's friendship; and where that ill-starred love-affair ran its course. I could not help inquiring after her."
"What had become of her?"
"Both she and Egbert were dead. She had

"Both she and Egbert were dead. She had died first. His constitution, undermined in India, and shattered by the shock and exposure of the shipwreck, gave way gradually. I was taken to the spot where he had been buried."
"A sad termination to his romance! Was he

"A sad termination to his romance! Was he not brought to his friends in this country?"

"Strange, it appeared to me, that he was not. They told me his brother had come over and was with him at the last. It may have been his preference to be buried near the girl he had so madly loved. I never knew. I heard, after I came to England, that both he and I—with all those in the ship on board of which we sailed from India—had been reported drowned. Three or four of the sailors had escaped in the longboat, and brought the news."

"Thus you could begin life afresh."

"I could have changed my name; but I did not. Very few remembered me after so many years. My fault was forgotten. I had my ample fortune, safe in the bank that held the deposits of my mercantile house. Only one

posits of my mercantile house. Only one amusement I suffered to become a pastime, and that has procured me the reprobation of the censorious. I have played now and then."

"Played—at cards?"

"You are shocked? Well—I deserve blame.

I used to play in Germany; and the excitement was a solace to me. I never risk large sums, however; and all I win is given to the poor."

"It is a dangerous practice."
"With a young man; hardly with me. What can I do, without an object of interest in life?"

"Make one for yourself. You may find abundant material." Too late! too late! Only one hope remains

"What is that?" "What is that?"

"The beauteous young lady who once gave me hope when most in despair; who gave me energy to commence a new life; I panted to do something for her. She is dead. But she has left a child; a daughter; lovely as herself, and as full, no doubt, of tender compassion. Her father, I hear, has lost a large part of the fortune his ancestors enjoyed; and what he has is strictly entailed on the male heir. He has no on this daughter therefore will be unprovid-His daughter, therefore, will be unprovid-

'Ha! there is an object for your energies, for

"Is it so easy to go to this young and lovely our creature, lay my fortune at her feet, and have it accepted? She would reject it with wonder that a stranger—who has no repute among men should dare approach her. the pride of high rank. He might reject my ac-

intance."
'Shall I give you my advice? Shake off any habits that, as you say, may render scrupulous persons shy of you. Be in seeming what you are in nature; then seek the friendship of this

'I accept your friendship with thanks. I shall be proud of it."

The German drew one hand across his eyes.
Reginald had grasped the other in the warm im-

pulse of his emotion.

"As Heaven blesses me with reason, I will "As fleaven blesses me with reason, I will take your counsel, young friend. You have saved me from myself. But are you sure you will be firm, when you hear me reproached as a man who has frequented gambling-houses; whose good character no one can vouch for?"
"I have no fear. Evil rumor may follow you, even after you have won the right to a spotless

name. But you will conquer at last.
"Will you help me?"
"Whatever I can do, in that you may com-

"A thousand thanks! You give me hope May Heaven bless you for it! CHAPTER XXVI

A MAN'S HONOR.

In spite of his stern resolve, Reginald accepted the invitation to Lady Brandon's ball.

He could not resist the temptation of seeing once more the object of his love, even though he

must look upon her as a star moving in a sphere far above him. Once more to see her, and then he would be resigned to his destiny. So he thought as he came in late, into the thronged drawing-rooms, sumptuous with the splendor wealth and taste can create, and rilliant with the hundreds of wax-lights gleam ing on gorgeous attire and smiling fair faces.

It was a bewildering scene, though the young man had been used to the gayeties of social life,

and saw many familiar faces, and heard many voices of old friends.

He had lost no social standing by the change in his prospects. Had he chosen to avail him-self of the attentions proffered he would even have been a lion in society; but he shrunk from distinction of that kind. He was welcomed with frank cordiality by the hostess, and soon found himself in the grasp of Lord Estonbury, who insisted on taking him to the dowager and his

young wife.
"It is your own fault, Reginald," he said, with a patronizing air, not a little repulsive, "that we see nothing of you. No friend would ne more welcome

The dowager repeated the assurance with elaborate courtesy.
Young Lady Estonbury merely bowed in sience, and held out her hand. But she watched him with deep interest. It seemed to her that

he had grown handsomer and more distinguished-looking than ever.

The marquis intimated that he had something

The marquis intimated that he had something of importance to say, and proceeded to caution his young friend against forming an acquaint ance with a suspicious person, with whom he had met him once, walking in the park.

"His name is Wallrade," he continued, "and I am sure he is a gambler; for I have heard it of him. Beware of being seen with him. The acquaintance would ruin your prospects."

Reginald felt his resentment rise at this rebuke: but he made no reply, only with cold buke; but he made no reply, only with cold thanks for a repeated invitation, moving hastily

Helen gazed after him. She was looking well this evening, in a silk of pale rose-color, with full overskirt of delicate point lace, looped with white rose buds. There were natural rose-buds in her hair and pearls on her neck and arms. She was very pale, and her eyes had that dark depth they showed when she was under the in-

fluence of emotion The dowager Lady Estonbury was attired in a rich purple corded silk with black lace flounces, bertha, and flowing sleeves. She wore jet and diamond ornaments, being in

The young marchioness, eager to escape the watchful eyes of her mother, took advantage of the offered escort of a young earl, and had a promenade through the room. She was anxious not to less girkly of Pagingled.

promenage through the room. She was anxious not to lose sight of Reginald.

He moved on, greeted by friends at every step, and smiled on by the fair. Only a few middle-aged mothers looked coldly on the young man whom they had courted so assiduously scarcely a year since. His handsome face and

instantly attracted Reginald's attention. Alicia Maur was the central figure, and the object of general admiration.

She was dressed entirely in white, a filmy, cloud-like lace, that floated in airy puffs from the outline of her slender and graceful form. She wore no bracelets, nor any ornament save an old-fashioned pearl brooch containing her mother's hair. Her own waving, light-brown locks, gleaming like gold in the light, fell from the restraining ribbon gathering them at the back of her head, to her neck, and clustered in delicate rings around her temples. Her blue eyes sparkled, and a faint rose flush was in her cheeks. The homage paid her on every side was evidently gratifying to her pride.

Several gentlemen, among them the young

evidently gratifying to her pride.

Several gentlemen, among them the young Duke of Montroy, whose devotion to the fair girl had been the talk of gossips for weeks past, were in lively conversation with the belle of the evening. The duke held her bouquet, and waited to lead her to the dance. His eyes were fixed on her lovely face with an earnest admiration no one could mistake, for young love makes its first language understood.

Alicia, thus lightly toying with the scepter of Beauty's empire over hearts, was unconscious that two persons were steadfastly regarding her with different feelings from the devoted gallants in her immediate circle.

Reginald stood leaning against a pillar, pale

Regmald stood leaning against a pillar, pale as death, his eyes devouring her face.

The intense craving of his soul was satisfied—he saw her, in all her beauty, once again. But how! As far removed from him as if she were enshrined in some fair planet of the sky! She looked, in his eyes, like an angel just touching the earth for the poise of an instant. And he might as well expect to capture the winged inhabitant of the empyrean, as to claim her attention. Yet he could not take his eyes from her face; though over his own crept an exher face; though over his own crept an ex-pression of deep anguish, darkening into de-

spair.

Helen, still leaning on the arm of Lord Clair, looked from Reginald's face to the beaming one of Alicia, and a conviction flashed upon her mind that the two were known to each other, and that here was the maiden who had won Reginald's love.

She felt irresistibly impelled to learn more. She led the way by slow and interrupted movements toward Reginald, and when near enough, touched his arm with her fan.

touched his arm with her fan.

"Will you do me a favor, Reginald?"

"Lady Estonbury!" he exclaimed, starting nervously. Then bowed courteously, and add-

ed: "Pray command me, in any way I can serve you!"
"It is to introduce me to yonder lady! I saw her at the opera; I am anxious to make her ac

quaintance."
She had dropped Lord Clair's arm, and was now close to Regina's. He hesitated, and she went on impetuously:
"The young girl in white, standing by the Duke of Montroy, and talking to so many. There! she has taken a seat. It is the only opportunity. Take me to her."
"You must accuse me Lady Estandary."

"You must excuse me, Lady Estonbury," replied the young man, drawing back as Helen was about to take his arm.

"You know her certainly," cried she. "I have seen you looking at her. Why will you not present me?"
"I knew the lady—formerly," was the proud answer; "but I could not now take the liberty of presenting a friend to her."
"Who is she?"

noble, impoverished man of rank. He will not hesitate to welcome you to his home and his heart."

"Think you so, young man? And you, are you willing to be my friend, now that you know all?"

"Who is she?"

"Miss Alicia Maur, the daughter of Lord Swinton, of Scotland."

"It is unkind of you, Reginald! I am so anxious to know her. I am charmed with her already!"

ady!"
I regret that I cannot oblige your ladyship,"
the young man, coldly. "It would be presaid the young man, coldly. "It would be presumption in me. A hundred persons here can have the honor. There is Sir Victor Wilder. Shall I bring him to you?"

"No, no—'tis no matter," replied Helen, as she saw Miss Maur rise and take the duke's arm. The music hed struck up for a deane and the

she saw Miss Maur rise and take the duke's arm. The music had struck up for a dance, and the partners were taking their places. The circle of courtly young men looked disappointed, as the fair girl passed through.

Helen glanced at Reginald. He had averted his face; and before she could speak to him, he had moved away. She watched him anxiously, forgetting her request. She knew that she need have no difficulty in being introduced to the young lady when the dance was over; but, somehow, her desire had grown cold.

She stood by a French window, draped with embroidered lace, over rich folds of damask

embroidered lace, over rich folds of damask silk. The music had a lulling effect, and Helen took a seat on the cushioned lounge and drew the drapery before her. It was a relief to escape for a time the necessity of playing a part in the social drama, artificial as she felt fit to be. She gave herself up to thinking, and pre-sently lost the hearing of sounds within the

The window was in a recess, and opened on a narrow balcony leading to the splendid conservatories, now in the first opening bloom that precedes the burst of spring. The atmosphere was so heated that the young marchioness felt a grateful relief when she could open one of the sides of the window and let in the fresh air. She had not noted the coestion of the wayie and the had not noted the cessation of the music, and the

regular steps of the promenaders.

She saw two figures glide slowly past outside, and instantly started to her feet. They were Alicia Maur and Reginald. The look she caught on his face almost frightened Helen. She quickly pushed the glass door open, passed out and followed them.

Heroes in Homespun.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 417.)

BY JOS. E. BADGER, JR.

TEN years ago I first made their acquaintance, under rather peculiar circumstances. Instead of a single night, I spent a month with them. When we parted, we were sworn friends, and are so still. Two little heroes in homespun—and ragged homespun, at that.

John Taylor, wife and family, lived in one of the border counties of Texas. He was poor, and started farming in a humble way, but being skillful and industrious, he was getting ahead in the world, when his life and property were both swept away by one of those Mexican forays, even more common then than now. By good luck his family were absent, and thus escaped sharing his fate. Two horses, a wagon

good luck his family were absent, and thus escaped sharing his fate. Two horses, a wagon and an old hound; the charred shell of their log cabin; a few odd tools; these and the land itself were all that the widow and her two sons, David and Saul, eight and ten years of age, had to keep the wolf from the door.

The neighbors rebuilt the cabin and gave the lone ones such aid as lay in their power, but it was one weary, never-ending struggle for life

was one weary, never-ending struggle for life against starvation. Yet they did live, and two years later, David and Saul had earned, by night work, enough to buy themselves each a rifle and ammunition. They were too poor not to become good shots, and the very nature of their lives rendered them bold and self-reliant Saul, the oldest, was just thirteen years old, when the following incident occurred.

wore jet and diamond ornaments, being in nourning.

Both ladies were beset with introductions, and laimants for their attention.

The young marchioness eager to escape the

gerly.
"It's a fresh trail, but he ain't sighted what made it, yet," responded the elder brother.
"Finish ongearin'. I don't reckon it's more'n a rabbit, or mebbe a wolf."

The sun had already set, and the boys had put in a long and hard day's work behind the plow, only stopping to eat a cold lunch for dinner. Any but a boy with the true spirit of a hunter, would not have given the hound a sec-

ond thought. Home, food and rest would have been their one desire. But when the regular, measured bay changed to a rapid, continuous clangor, the lads turned the horses free to find their own way home, and grasping their never absent rifles, started away in the direction of

Experience told them that the old hound was after no plebeian game, and they knew, too, that he was running by eye, rather than by scent

alone.

Ere they had run two hundred yards, there came a fierce yelping cry, a snarl, the sounds of a sharp if short scuffle; then, at brief intervals, the excited bark of the old hound.

They knew that the game had turned to bay, that old Hector had dashed in and been beaten off and that he was now calling for halp to year.

off, and that he was now calling for help to rescue the quarry he had brought to a standstill. A noble stag, a huge timber wolf, or some nobler game; if anything less awaited them, the hound would never have been driven off once he had closed with it.

If you are a true hunter at heart, you can imagine the emotions which swelled the bosoms of these lads, as they rushed forward at top

of these lads, as they rushed forward at top speed; not unless.

They were too eager. The game heard their hasty footsteps and turned to seek safety in renewed flight, old Hector close upon its heels. Saul caught one glimpse of the long gray body as it glided across the open ground, and, throwing forward his rifle, made a snap-shot, fearing he would not get another chance.

At the sharp report, the animal leaped far ahead, as though sharply stung, and Saul saw by the fresh blood upon the dry grass that his lead had not been entirely wasted, and the boys pressed on with renewed energy, guided by the excited yelping of the trusty old hound.

"We'll git him yet!" panted Saul. "He's takin' to the Split Hill, I'm 'most sartin."

"What was it? I couldn't see."

"What was it? I couldn't see."
"A gray wolf, I reckon. Whalin' big one,

No more was said. A steady run of a mile, carrying a heavy rifle, is no easy task for a man. Fortunately the end was near at hand. Once

Fortunately the end was near at hand. Once more old Hector sent up a series of rapid, excited yelpings. The game was brought to bay, driven to earth or else treed.

Split Hill was a natural curiosity, and doubly remarkable from being situated in the midst of a low, flat region, where a mole-hill is almost a mountain. Imagine a perfect cone, a hundred feet high, split directly in half, from apex to base, and one portion of it entirely obliterated, leaving the other moiety a solitary monument upon the level, sandy plain. The cliff thus formed was of almost solid rock, not even a vine clinging to its face. The rounded side was tolerably well covered with stunted trees, bushes and vines. From the extreme summit of this curious ele

From the extreme summit of this curious elevation came the excited voice of old Hector, and without pausing for breath or to calculate the danger they might be running, the brothers scaled the hill. A genuine surprise awaited them. The apex was crowned by one huge, bushytopped tree, the gnarled trunk of which was so bent that the limbs protruded far over the rocky precipice. Old Hector was standing with his fore-feet resting against the trunk of this tree, his blazing eves riveted upon the dense foliage his blazing eyes riveted upon the dense foliage above and beyond. The game was treed, be-yond a doubt, for, as they drew near, the boys both heard a scrambling sound as though the animal was retreating still further into the

But wolves cain't climb a tree!" exclaimed "But wolves cain't chimb a treer exclaimed."
David, sorely puzzled.

"This one kin, but mebbe 'tain't a wolf," returned Saul, scratching his head dubiously.

"I don't see how we're goin' to git at him,

It was now dusk and rapidly growing dark. The thin rim of the new moon would soon disappear. Their keenest glances could not disappear.

cover the animal.

"We kin build a fire," suggested David.

"Ain't got no matches," but David produced two, and five minutes later the bright blaze was leaping high above the pile of brush.

From every possible point of view the boys endeavored to catch a glimpse of the strange animal, but in vain. Still Saul would not give up. "You go home an' git somethin' to eat, Dave.
Take old Hec, along, Mother 'll be skeered to
stay all by herself. She'll do the chores fer
once. You come back, an' we'll watch ontel
day. We'll hev pay fer this long run, ef it

ing, talking and watching for some signs of the strange animal. For an hour or two all went strange animal. For an hour or two all went well enough, but then their eyelids grew heavy with sleep. They had been hard at work since early dawn, and growing boys must sleep at all hazards. What followed was natural enough. Before ten o'clock the brothers were sound asleep, nor did they awaken until broad day-

And then—their game was gone! They could see where it had leaped from the trunk to the ground, its long claws deeply scoring the earth, not a dozen feet from where they had been sleeping! Why had it not attacked them? That

was a question they could not answer.

They longed to follow the trail, but that was out of the question. Their day's work must be done, and that they set about it without a marmur, in my opinion, goes far to prove their right to the title I have given them.

to the title I have given them.

For nearly a week nothing more was heard or seen of the strange animal. One of the neighbors, a mighty hunter in his younger days, to whom the boys told the story of their adventure, and who took the trouble to visit Split Hill to examine the tracks, declared that the creature was none other than a panther of the largest size. He could not understand how the boys had escaped so easily, especially as the animal was wounded. Their escape was one in a thousand. a thousand.

The widow and her sons had gone to bed early, after a hard day's work, but early in the night they were awakened from sleep by a hideous clamor. Old Hector was yelping furiously. The fattening hog was squealing fit to cut its throat. The horses were snorting and kicking as though they meant to demolish their rude stable.

Saul and David, half-asleep, scrambled down from the loft where they slept, and grasping their rifles, opened the door and rushed forth. As they ran around the corner of the house, shouting encouragement to the hound, they eaught a glimpse of something just leaping out of the pig-pen, but before they could lift a weapon, the prime cause of all this nocturnal disturbance ran nimbly up the old live-oak tree which formed one corner of the stable. It crouched in the lowest fork, glaring at them

"Tall mother to fetch the lantern" he mutter. Tell mother to fetch the lantern," he mutter-

ed, to David.

This was the scene I beheld, as, belated I neared the cabin. A tall, handsome woman in a night-dress and barefooted, holding a lantern so that the light fell upon the leveled rifles of

As one report the weapons spoke, and with a screech of mortal pain, the huge panther shot through the air and hurled the little group aside. But that leap was only spasmodic; both bullets were buried in the brain of the beast, and no pareon was hurt.

person was hurt.

I helped to skin the creature, which measured nine feet seven inches from tip to tip, and weighed two hundred and fifty odd pounds. I spent a week at the farm, and I learned to love the boys as my own kindred. I am happy to add that, at this writing, they are fairly comfortable in this world's goods, all of which they have earned, like true heroes, by the sweat of their brow.

THE NIGHT-TIDE.

BY A. W. BELLAW.

Oh, Night, thy touch is kindly laid Upon the fevered lids which weep, And straightway they close down in sleep, And all their rainy tears are stayed!

Thou breathest into the mourner's heart
The tender blessing of thy breath—
The dear tranquility of death
Wherein their peace comes back in part

The hearts of good that war with ill,
The hearts of ill that war with good,
Strifeless and passionless and subdued,
Put on thy mantle and are still.

Make dark my sight till I forget The wrong around me; let me sleep, Forgetful, till the morning creep Millennial-like on my regret!

Happy Jack;

The White Chief of the Sioux.

A ROMANCE OF SPORTS AND PERILS OF POST AND PLAIN.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.

CHAPTER XXXIII. A LIFE FOR A LIFE.

PLACING implicit confidence in his scout, who had returned and reported that the way was clear and open, Colonel Markham led his men squarely into the trap set for him by the White Sioux, suspecting nothing until that ringing whoop filled the air—until rifle and pistol united in one withering volley, mowing down horse and rider in one hideous swath. And without giving the ambushed soldiers time for breath, the White Sioux led his braves to the charge, and white men and red joined in a fierce, merciless death-grapple.

and white men and red joined in a fierce, merciless death-grapple.

High above the devilish clamor rung the voice of the White Sioux, and bold though he undeniably was, Colonel Markham shuddered as he heard the words commanding the savages to capture, not slay him. Right well he knew what that foreboded, and as the tall form of the white Indian slowly fought its way toward him, he emptied the chambers of one revolver in swift succession, and as his dreaded foe staggered back and fell a hearse shout of triumph broke from

his lips.

With the fall of their chief, the Sioux braves With the fall of their chief, the Sioux braves seemed to lose a portion of their fire and impetuosity, and the soldiers, with a united effort, succeeded in cutting their way through the toils. For a few moments it bade fair to become a hot retreat, for the deadly surprise had greatly magnified the numbers of their foes, but dashing through the crowd of fugitives, Colonel Markham succeeded in rallying them. Even in that hour of intense excitement, the thought of his daughter outweighed all else.

Ten minutes later the party was collected near the foot of the steep rock-wall, the officers consulting upon the best course for them to pur-

near the root of the steep rock-wall, the officers consulting upon the best course for them to pursue. The council was of brief duration. Dull and muffled, yet unmistakable, there came the sound of fighting—Leapah's assault upon the outlaws in Black Hollow. For one instant the soldiers listened, breathlessly. Then Dr. Hurlbutt spoke, pointing to the rock-strewn space before them.

"The question is settled for us, gentlemen!"
Leaping from cover to cover numerous dusky forms could be distinguished by the growing daylight. In order to leave their present position, the whites would have to run the gantlet of more than a score of rifles. A single glance showed Markham that, though his force was still the strongest, numerically, owing to the advantage of cover, any attempt to break through that line would be little short of suicide. There was but one chance for them, and that was promptly embraced.

"Dismount and form a corral with the The question is settled for us, gentlemen!"

once. You come back, an' we'll watch ontel day. We'll hev pay fer this long run, ef it takes a week."

David willingly agreed, though Hector was very reluctant to abandon his quarry. An hour later the lad returned, bearing an ample supply of food.

The hantbark cattled days beside the five set.

The hantbark cattled days beside the five set. The brothers settled down beside the fire, eat-g, talking and watching for some signs of the barricade. Two horses fell, then another, their dying struggles threatening to stampede the re-

Colonel Markham called several of his men by name and directed them to try and silence th savage marksmen, while the remainder, under his lead, began loosening the gravelly soil with their sabers and throwing it up in the form of a

The sun peeped over the hilltop, and found all busily engaged. The Indians were still keeping up a galling fire, though as yet their bullets had found no nobler victims than a half-score horses. The soldiers still labored at the trench, now making quite a respectable appearance, for, as the horses fell, they were promptly las-soed and dragged into position to form a part

of the breastwork.

There came no further sound from Black Hollow, and Colonel Markham feared the worst. Strange as it may appear, though, when dying, Martha Bascom had spoken of Kate's being at Black Hollow—and dead—he believed the one part, while ignoring the other. He felt that his child was alive—but now, he feared, in the hands of the ruthless Sioux. He flung his whole powers into the work, and performed more than any two men under his command, but he could not smother that sickening fear.

Suddenly the scattered shots from the enemy became a long, rolling fusilade, and believing of the breastwork.

Suddenly the scattered shots from the enemy became a long, rolling fusilade, and believing that this covered some important movement, Colonel Markham called to his men to cease work and stand ready to repel a charge. But not an Indian could be seen, and their positions were only indicated by the sharp puffs of blue smoke as their rifles were discharged.

One soldier pitched heavily forward, dead ere he touched the earth, shot through the brain. Another staggered back and rolled into the trench, with a sharp cry. Dr. Hurlbutt was beside him in an instant, forgetting all else in his professional zeal. This last man was Walt Obermeyer, one of the survivors of the fierce and sanguinary struggle at the stone fort in

Obermeyer, one of the survivors of the fierce and sanguinary struggle at the stone fort in Crooked Valley.

Warned by this loss, Colonel Markham ordered his men into the trench, where they would at least be partially covered. As for himself, he seemed unconscious of danger, and stood beside his big white war-horse, seeking in vain for an enemy upon whom he might avenge the death of his soldiers.

As suddenly as it had opened, the fusilade

As suddenly as it had opened, the fusilade ceased, and all was still without. Only for the rising clouds of hazy smoke, there was nothing

rising clouds of hazy smoke, there was nothing to betray the presence of an enemy.
Gradually the soldiers resumed their labors and continued them until quite noon, with only one interruption. As he stood watching, a sharp exclamation escaped the colonel's lips. A strong force of Indians were riding rapidly up the valley, but drew rein as a footman ran swiftly toward them. There appeared to be a brief interchange of words, then the new-comers dismounted, tethered their horses and disappeared among the bushes and bowlders. Breathlessly Colonel Markham eyed them, looking for, yet dreading to recognize his idolized daughter

"How many men have we—fit for work?"
"Thirty-one, all told. Obermeyer is hard hit—dying, I fear," replied the surgeon.

white thou was how high to and it to above a black bowlder.

"It may be a trick, but you may as well answer it. At any rate there will be so much time gained. Give me your handkerchief—mine is red. Now go and see that the men are ready for anything that may turn up."

While hurriedly speaking, Markham was knotting the doctor's handkerchief upon the point of his saber. Lifting his arm, he answered the signal. Immediately a man arose from behind the black bowlder, and bearing the flag of truce, boldly advanced toward the barricade. Markham started sharply, and his florid countenance turned ashy white. In the being before him he recognized the man whom he believed he had slain—his deadliest foe—the White Sioux!

With a violent effort he mastered his emo-tions enough to cry aloud, in a hoarse, unnatural

voice: "Halt! you are near enough. What is your

wish?"
"You are Colonel Westley Markham?" came
the words, clear and cold. "Good! and I am
Leroy Temple!"
"A cashiered officer—a deserter—a murderer,
traitor and renegade! You do well to cover
your head with a flag of truce!"
"There is one title you have forworten," and

your head with a flag of truce!"

"There is one title you have forgotten," and the White Sioux laughed, metallically. "I am an avenger, as well as the rest. But let that pass. I did not come here to bandy epithets with you, but to offer you terms for the lives of your men."

"Proceed: you are growing quite interesting," sneered Markham.

"I have just seventy-two braves, fit for service, under my command, at present. You can see for yourself that their rifles command your position, and a very little reflection will show you that, if I say the word, they can pick you off one by one, without running the slightest risk themselves."

"If this is so—which I deny—why are you

or one by one, without fulling the signtest risk themselves."

"If this is so—which I deny—why are you taking so much trouble? Why come here and beg for what is your own? Bah! your statements are contradictory."

"You wish to know why? That is easy told. A chance bullet might cut you off—and I am not ready for you to die—yet."

Slowly these words were enunciated, and with such a deep, intense malignity that the soldier's heart grew cold as he listened. Right well he knew the meaning of his enemy. But his voice was steady when he replied:

"What terms do you offer?"

"The life of one man for those of a score. Your men are at liberty to, depart, but they must first surrender you into my hands," was

Your men are at liberty to, depart, but they must first surrender you into my hands," was the prompt response.

"You shall take your answer straight from the lips of my men," and Markham laughed, shortly. "You have heard, boys; you are free to ride away, if you will only give me over to that fellow. Speak out—and speak freely!"

One loud yell of derision arose. Markham smiled grimly as he again faced the White Sioux.

Sioux.
"You have your answer. Go back to your red-skinned dogs and say that we dare them to

red-skinned dogs and say that we dare them to come and take us!"

The White Sioux made no answer in words, but waved the flag of truce high above his head. As though by magic a slender figure appeared upon the black bowlder—the figure of a white girl—of Kate Markham, her arms stretched appealingly toward the spot where her parent stood. A bitter groan broke from the soldier's lips as he recognized his child, and realized how helpless he was to aid her.

"Man—devil!" he gasped. "Release her—let her go free, unharmed, and I will surrender—murder me, if you will, but spare her!"

"Your men may go free, but your life and her life belong to me!" coldly uttered the chief. "Those are the only conditions I can offer. What white blood I have shed has been in the attempt to capture you. My hour has come at last, and you are helpless. I give you until sunset to decide. If you do not surrender yourself then, yonder girl will be bound to the rock upon which she stands, and burned to death!"

Without another word the White Sioux turned and strode rapidly toward his braves.

and strode rapidly toward his braves.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE DEAD ALIVE.

With the angry hissing of the venomous serpent filling his ear—with the cold, clammy coil resting upon his bare neck and shoulder—with the soft point of earth crumbling beneath his feet, leaving him suspended by one arm, while the unconscious maiden hung across the other—there seemed no escape for Blackbird, the Sioux

brave.

Again, and in louder tones, came the wondering call from above, but Blackbird dared make no reply. He felt that the serpent was in readiness to strike—that the faintest sound, the slightest motion, would hasten the venomous blow. Those few moments were ages of horrible torture. The warrior who had stood face to fee with death a hundred times now turned face with death a hundred times, now turned sick at heart and his veins seemed filled with ice

"What in thunder's the matter down than? repeated the voice from above, and the tightly stretched lasso was shaken impatiently. stretched lasso was shaken impatiently.

The shock was too much for the cramped and stiffening fingers of Blackbird, and he slipped from his precarious foothold, falling swiftly several feet before he could check his descent. His foot struck against a small point of rock, and this, added to the knowledge that almost certain death awaited him below, lent him the strength necessary to check their fall. The shock came so suddenly that the rattlesnake was flung from Blackbird's neck before it could use its deadly fangs, though, in the excitement of the moment, the warrior could hardly have decided whether he had been bitten or not.

He heard the angry skirr below him, and

He heard the angry skirr below him, and firmly clutching the lasso, he called to his companion to draw him up. Though slowly, this was accomplished without further accident, and hen Blackbird sunk down upon the narrow edge breathless, almost fainting after his silent but awful struggle against death.

In silence, though evidently not a little puz-zled, his comrade bent over him for a few mo-ments, then turned to the unconscious maiden

ying at his side, and removed the gag from her mouth, though holding his broad palm in readi-ness to smother any outcry she might attempt to make when she awoke to a sense of her posi-

A moment later came the muffled but unmis-A moment later came the muffled but unmistakable sound of firing and wild yells from beyond the eastern rock of wall. Blackbird sat up, echoing back the cry of astonishment that broke from the lips of his comrade.

"It's from the outside—mebbe it's the boys from the fort, got wind o' this hole—they've run chuck into a hornets' nest!"

"Hist! those hounds are awakened below! Not a word—watch and listen!" muttered Blackbird.

The sounds of fighting seemed to recede, and grew fainter and less distinct until the busy lessiy Colonel markiam eyed them, looking for, yet dreading to recognize his idolized daughter among them; but in vain. If there, she was kept hidden from his gaze.

'Better if we had charged them at first," muttered the surgeon, at Markham's elbow. "They outnumber us three to one now, with complete the surgeon of the s

ly visible.
"What kin be keepin' them red-skins?" impatiently muttered the white man. "Lord!

Markham stared moodily before him. The prospect was black, indeed, and he could see no way out of the toils.

"We can only wait and sell our lives as dearly as possible," he said, after a pause. "There's not enough horses to mount us all. We must fight the bloodhounds until help comes from the fort. Blake may grow uneasy at our prolonged absence, and send out a scout." But it was plain that the colonel had little hope of this possibility ever coming to pass.

"Look! what on earth—a white flag, by Jupiter!" exclaimed Hurlbutt, pointing to where a white cloth was moving to and fro above a black bowlder. Without another word, Bill Comstock—for the reader has already recognized him—grasped the lasso and slid down the hillside, just as Leapah, the Sioux, broke cover and struck his foe.

With breathless interest Blackbird watched the struggle that followed, his eyes riveted upon the huge form of Baby Tom, his heart beating quick as he drank in every detail of the terrific death-struggle which ended in the fall of the giant. As the dying gladiator fell, an unconscious sigh parted his lips, and was answered by a low, gasping cry close beside him. Kate Markham had recovered her consciousness, though it was evident she did not, as yet, remember all that had befallen her.

though it was evident she did not, as yet, remember all that had befallen her.
Blackbird quickly but gently placed his hand over her lips, hurriedly muttering:
"For the love of God, lady, do not scream! our lives depend upon your prudence!"
The red light from below penetrated the shrubbery and was reflected from his rude and bronzed form. A look of sickening despair filled the maiden's eyes. Blackbird read the meaning of that expression, and spoke, quickly:
"I am a friend, Miss Markham—I risked my life to rescue you from the hands of those ruffans. I do not wonder at your failing to recognize me in this disguise. Surely you can trust me—I am Happy Jack, your friend!" cognize me in this disguise. Surely you can trust me—I am Happy Jack, your friend!"

When John Markham—or Happy Jack, as he was far better known—held out his hands to Lieutenant Blake for the manacles—when he was led forth to die the death of a convicted murderer—when he made his last request of Colonel Markham, that after death his body might be handed over to Bill Comstock for burial—when he stood beside his coffin and bade the file of soldiers send their bullets home to his heart—when he bade Dr. Hurlbutt, as a final message, to proclaim that he died with his soul unstained by the crime for which he had been condemned to death—up to that moment Happy Jack had not the faintest hope of living through that hour. He had composed his mind for death. He believed it to be inevitable—and yet he lived.

for death. He believed it to be inevitable—and yet he lived.

All the time he had spent in schooling himself to meet death as a brave and innocent man should, true and faithful friends were working steadily and deliberately for his life. Prominent among these was Dr. Hurlbutt and Sergeant Bowen. Believing him innocent, despite the overwhelming if circumstantial evidence, the moment sentence was pronounced, they began maturing their plans. Every precaution was observed. Not even Bill Comstock was taken into their condence at first. They knew he could not keep the secret from Happy Jack, and they feared that, if he knew what they intended, long enough beforehand, he would refuse to play his part.

Not until a few hours before that appointed for the execution, did Comstock have the glad tidings imparted to him. On pretense of taking him along while he went to "cuss the old man," Dr. Hurlbutt led him away from the guard-house and told him all, keeping a close watch over him lest he should betray the plot in his insane joy. But Bill proved himself a better actor than the surgeon had given him credit for. Having full confidence in Martin, the scout, he enlisted his services, and together they rigged up a condemned ambulance, in which to carry off the pretended corpse.

Sergeant Bowen, to whom fell the duty of preparing the firing party, did his work well. It was not hard work to select men who were ready to run the necessary risk, for Happy Jack was an almost universal favorite. Even those who believed he had slain Captain Stone, openly grumbled at the death sentence being passed upon a man who had simply rid the army of a dangerous nuisance. vet he lived.

ipon a man who had simply rid the army of a

angerous nuisance.

The sergeant was far too old a soldier to fall The sergeant was far too old a soldier to fall into the error of having his men load with blank cartridges. He knew that, even in the excitement of an execution, any practiced ear could easily detect the wide difference between a blank cartridge and one fired with a ball. Selecting reliable, steady-nerved men, he gave them orders to load regularly, but to aim so that their bullets would just miss the scout, upon the left. By so doing, even the sharpesteyed spectators, seeing the dust raised by the balls, could not tell that they had not passed through the scout's body, instead of past, owing to their positior.

The reader will remember that Dr. Hurlbutt spoke a few rapid words to Happy Jack as he stood beside the coffin, which produced a marked difference in the man's demeanor. Those words told him what was about to be done, and bade him remember that on his acquiescence

bade him remember that on his acquiescence rested the fate of his friends, as well.

"Live to solve the mystery of Stone's mur-der—live to clear your own name!" concluded the surgeon, stepping aside.

The volley was fired. Happy Jack fell as though dead. Stooping over him Dr. Hurlbutt emptied a small bottle of blood inside the scout's shirt, slipping the bottle into his own breast, then arose and pronounced the man dead. It was to prevent a too close scrutiny that he flung the blanket over the prostrate figure, the moment he felt that the spreading blood was noticed; and this dread also accounted for the desperate manner in which Bill Comstock guarded

the supposed corpse from even the eyes of the dazed and conscience-stricken father.

In the ambulance Happy Jack was conveyed to the valley where Eunora was waiting. Then came her part. By her advice Happy Jack allowed himself to be disguised as an Indian. Then she led him to her father, telling him that these two men were those who had dian. Then she led him to her father, telling him that these two men were those who had preserved her honor, if not life. Assuming the name of Blackbird, Happy Jack accompanied the Sioux to Black Hollow, resolved to rescue Kate—his half-sister—if mortal man could. Stealing away, after his rebuff by the White Sioux, he and Comstock scaled the hill and enered Black Hollow, with the result already

All this the scout told Kate, as they occupied the niche together, concealing nothing.

"I could not bear that you should think me dead, or guilty of this crime," he added. "I swear by the soul of my dead mother that I am innocent! That is all I care to live for now—I mean—"and he paused, abruptly.

"I do believe you—I know you could not be so wicked," said Kate, softly. "But it is so strange! I never knew that I had a brother living. And yet—when I first saw you, I felt drawn toward you—it must have been the voice of Nature—"

"And I to you," interrupted Jack, his voice not so steady as usual. "But with me it was different—I said in my heart that it would be like heaven to gain one look of love from th

At this moment the sharp crack of a rifle sounded from below, and a bullet sunk into the hill just above their heads. A loud voice came to their ears, and, glancing downward, Happy Jack discovered several dusky forms staring up ward, threatening him with leveled rifles Thoroughly conversant with the Sioux tongue Thoroughly conversant with the Sioux tongue, the scout had no difficulty in comprehending the summons. He was threatened with instant death unless he descended at once. A single glance showed him that escape was impossible. The niche was not deep enough to protect their bodies from rifle-shots below. Covered by the shrubbery, the Sioux could pick him off without running the slightest risk themselves.

"We must descend—but trust to me. I will contrive to baffle them, yet. Remember—I am a stranger—a Sioux warrior to you. Be silent.

a stranger—a Sioux warrior, to you. Be silent, but brave-hearted."
Calling forth his submission, Happy Jack assisted Kate down the hill, and joined the Sioux. At first they looked suspiciously upon him, but he laughingly recalled the words of their chief, offering a large reward to the braye who should offering a large reward to the brave who should fetch him the white squaw. "We will share the reward," he said, laugh-

ing.
(To be continued—commenced in No. 414.)

Work and Play.

WORK AND PLAY department (No. 421) several errors occurred in the alphabet arrangement. Correct as follows: In 3d column the first V should be U; in 4th column omit the W and change the Y to Z; in 5th column change Z to

Mother says: "I live in the country, where we are restricted in the use of vegetables to those we raise in our own garden; and the times are so hard it seems necessary to use these, for canned vegetables cost so much. But my children complain that they get so tired of seeing the same things every day, that I thought I would ask you, who seem always ready to help people, to tell me how I can vary our bill of fare a little, and if there are any new ways of cooking the plain, old standard vegetables?" Two, or at most three kinds of vegetables are quite enough to serve with meat at an ordinary dinner, with some kind of pickle for relish; sweet pickles are best with cold sliced meats; chowchow, mixed pickles, gherkins, cucumbers, cauliflower, green tomatoes, or boiled beets in vinegar, are for hot meats; and spiced currants, berries, or grapes, or jelly, should be served with poultry and game. Tart apple-sauce is excellent with roast pork or beef, and cranberry-sauce relishes with pork or poultry. Potatoes should be served at every dinner, whole, with fish, roast pork, liver, chops, stews; mashed, with lamb, mutton, roast beef, steaks, cutlets, poultry; baleed with sausage, ham, cold meats; stewed, with game, poultry, meat-pies, etc. Whole potatoes should be neatly but thinly pared, boiled or steamed until thoroughly tender, salted just before removal from the water, and drained until dry and mealy. Potatoes with fish are often served with skins left whole. Mashed potatoes should be free from lumps, and be moistened slightly with cream or milk and butter. Baked potatoes should be carefully washed, and the skins slightly buttered, previous to putting in the oven. To stew potatoes, pare and slice thin, cutting each round slice in half; boil a few minutes in water, then drain off nearly all the water and add milk, a lump of butter, salt, pepper, and a morsel of finely chopped parsley. Beets should be boiled until tender; skin, slice, and pour melted butter over them; serve in little dishes. Peel and slice carrots; boil MOTHER says: "I live in the country, where we are restricted in the use of vegetables to pour melted butter over them; serve in little dishes. Peel and slice carrots; boil in water until tender, drain off the water and add a large lump of butter; serve in small plates. Peel until tender, drain off the water and add a large lump of butter; serve in small plates. Peel parsnips, slice lengthwise and fry brown in beef gravy; or cut in fine round slices, and cook like carrots, or stewed potatoes, omitting the parsley. Apples pared and cored and cut in round slices and fried brown in butter make an excellent vegetable. Dried beans should be soeked until tender, boiled—without boiling into bits—and served with melted butter; Lima beans served thus are equal to green ones. Cabbage should be steamed or boiled tender, salted, and served, finely cut, with pepper and melted or drawn butter. Turnips and winter squash should always be served finely mashed. Cook dried peas, boil carefully, drain off water and finish in butter or butter and milk. Macaroni is an excellent vegetable, also boiled rice. Sweet is an excellent vegetable, also boiled rice. Sweet potatoes if boiled should be dried in the oven a few minutes before serving; they are excellent baked. Onions should be boiled whole in milk; baked. Onions should be boiled whole in milk; sliced and fried in gravy; or fried with steak. White potatoes, peeled and baked in the pan with roast beef are nice. Canned tomatoes may be bought cheaply by the dozen or box, and are excellent stewed or used in soups. All vegetables, especially potatoes, should be served very hot. Never have the same vegetable, except potatoes, two days in succession. All kinds of cold vegetables may be cooked over in a variety of ways for breakfasts or luncheons.

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MY FIRST CALL.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

When first I called on Mary Jane
How well do I remember;
The night was light with moon and snow,
And it was in December.
I knocked; against my breast my heart
Was also loudly knocking;
She took me in and seated me,
And then I went to rocking.

At home they said I talked too much—
Indeed, they said, quite violent;
But there, with ker, I found it was
Quite easy to be silent.
The clock ticked on the mantel-shelf;
My heart within me pattered;
But I said nothing but a cough—
My teeth were all that chattered.

I'd heard that they who talk too much Are oft considered brittle,
And consequently you'll believe That I conversed but little.
I marked the pictures on the wall,
And brushed my bran new clothing;
I saw that something I must say,
And learnedly said—nothing.

The party on the night before!
A subject good! I'd try it!
I took a very long breath in
And then—sat very quiet.
The snow; ah, there was just the theme
I had been vainly seeking!
I vowed I would begin at once,
And—sat there without speaking.

Sedately sitting there I saw
My shoes must soon be mended;
I marked their shape, and then their size—
A little too extended.
I thought how sweet was Mary Jane;
My thoughts were all unspoken;
I saw that it was nine o'clock—
The silence was unbroken.

The household cat before the fire Serenely dozed and slumbered; I somehow wished I was the cat With not a care incumbered. I had a sentimental heart Which was quite stuffed with feeling; I counted spots upon the floor, Then looked up at the ceiling.

I could not think just what to say,
And thought my wits were straying;
My feet, too many then, I crossed,
And Mary was crocheting.
I felt a thousand miles from home;
I looked and saw her gazing!
It made me more than ever still;
My cheeks, I felt them blazing.

I saw that peaceful visit was
Unspoiled by any talking.
I'd naught to say and far to go,
And thought I'd best be walking.
I took my hat, and said good-night—
I very boldly said it,
And proudly felt I had not spoke
One word that I regretted.

The Diamond-Hunters;

ADRIFT IN BRAZIL

BY C. D. CLARK, "YANKEE BOYS IN CEYLON," ETC., ETC.

ON THE BACK TRACK—THE JAGUAR HUNT.

THREE days later they entered the Indian country, where the Brazilians seldom dared to set their feet. They were soon in the Indian village, and were kindly received and feasted by the people, who had heard that the whites had fought valiantly by the side of Hualta and his men, and had showed that they were not ungrateful for the kindness of the chief in rescuing them from the hands of the soldiers.

But after remaining a few days, they held a consultation and called Hualta into the council. "My brother," said Red Ruy, "you have been very kind to us, and we are not ungrateful, but your ways are not our ways, and we have friends who wait for us."

"My brother cannot go back to Rio," said the chief. ON THE BACK TRACK-THE JAGUAR HUNT.

chief.

"No, Hualta; but in Montevideo I have friends, and my wife and little ones are there. They and their people look for our return."

"But if my brothers would stay with us the Guarinas would make them very welcome."

"It cannot be."

There was a sad look upon the face of Hualta, but he bowed his head.
"It is enough," he said. "My brothers shall go to their own land, but Hualta will set them out their way."

We have something to do first. We must find a place where the shining stones which we call diamonds are hidden. The Guarinas do not care for them, but in our own land they will make us great. We must find them, even if we

"Hualta can show you the place you seek,"
quietly replied the chief. "But the soldiers might come there and again make you slaves."
"We will take the chances, if you will show

us the place."
"Let it be as you say," responded the chief.
"I would not have you leave me; but if it must be so, Hualta is not the man to say no to your

be so, Hualta is not the man to say no to your wishes. To-morrow we will go."

There was much real grief in the Guarina village, when, at early morning, the three whites, accompanied by thirty or forty warriors, set out upon their journey toward the diamond fields. They marched rapidly, but it was two days before they crossed the mountain range and enterpath the Mirros Gerages the country in which diamond. ed the Mirvas Geraes, the country in which diamonds most abounded. They made their camp the first night in the mouth of a mountain pass, close to the place where they had their fight

It is half a day's march to the river where the shining stones are found," announced the chief, "and the men of Pedro often come this way. I would not leave you in danger without

warning."

"We have faced danger before, and it is worth a risk," replied Red Ruy. "Do not fear but we shall take good care of ourselves."

The chief saw that it was useless to waste words, and he at once gave up and set his guards for the night. All around them they could hear the cry of wild beasts, and these in great numbers. The bark of the wolf, the shrill cry of the cougar, and the peculiar yell of the jaguar, warned them that animals which were danger-ous were prowling about the camp.

ous were prowling about the camp.

"I'd like to see a jaguar," declared Ned.
"They say that they are almost as strong as tigon."

tigers."
"My young brother shall see one," answered Hualta. "Let him take his fire-stick and go "Count me in!" cried Captain Ralph. "I wouldn't miss it for anything."
"Will you come, too, Red Chief?" the chief

No," replied Ruy. "Take good care of my

two boys, chief." Ralph and Ned took their rifles and followed the chief. It was a bright moonlight night, and objects were nearly as easily distinguishable as in the glare of open day. The chief strode on in silence, his only weapon being a stout spear, and carrying a sort of mantle thrown across his

arm.
"I will show you how the Indians hunt the jaguar," he said. "The jaguar is brave, but the arm of the Guarena chief is strong."
"You are not afraid of them then?" queried

"A weak arm cannot lay the jaguar low," was the chief's reply. "When you see him you will know that I have not lied to you."

sounded when the roar of some animal was heard in the forest, scarcely five hundred yards away.

"Lie down," ordered the chief, "and see how it is done."

The two white men dropped in the grass, but holding their rifles ready. Again the plaintive cry of the deer was heard, and once more the tremendous voice of the jaguar burst out; a crash was heard in the bushes, and some great animal came dashing through and landed upon the greensward within fifty feet of the place where the two hunters crouched, and for the first time they saw that terror of the South American forest—the jaguar.

It was a noble male, with a sleek, shining coat, the black and yellow contrasting beautifully in the light of the moon. The great eyes were blazing like spots of living fire as they were fixed upon the immovable form of the Indian. They saw Hualta, with a quick movement, fling the mantle about the left arm, while his right hand closed more firmly about the handle of the spear, and his eyes never left those of the jaguar.

The animal scarcely seemed to move, but lay upon the grass, his paws outstretched and only the tail gently waving to and fro, for the steady

The animal scarcely seemed to move, but lay upon the grass, his paws outstretched and only the tail gently waving to and fro, for the steady look of the brave Indian somewhat awed him. Ned, wildly excited, had greet difficulty in restraining his desire to fire. His fingers closed convulsively upon the rifle-barrel, and once or twice he half lifted it, for it seemed to him that he could not wait for the rush of the noble beast. But the captain, who knew how impulsive his young friend was, laid a restraining hand upon the boy's arm.

They had not long to wait now, for they saw that Hualta had sunk upon one knee, and with his left arm extended made threatening gestures at the jaguar, while, at the same time, he uttered the wailing cry which had called the creature to the place.

to the place.

to the place.

That seemed to end the hesitation of the savage beast. At once the yellow and black body rose into the air, and at a single bound he seemed to clear half the distance which separated him from the crouching form of Hualta. The Indian held the spear firmly clutched in his

BY COL. DELLE SARA.

"The Christians call upon Saint James,
The Moors upon Mahound;
There were twelve hundred slain
All in that little plot of ground."
—Old Ballad.

Following in their leader's track, the band rode to the south of the city, circled round it and then struck off into the interior; they paused not until three good leagues had been covered, and before them rose the dark turrets of a

castle.

And then Gomez commanded a halt; the soldiers reined in their steeds; the young Spaniard beckened Pedro to follow him, and then the two leaders rode forward out of earshot of the

Torrejon instantly guessed that this mysterious castle, so isolated within the lonely valley, held the secret of the melancholy which had so strangely affected his friend.

"Know you you tower?" Gomez asked.

It is the castle of Miguel de Castro, Marquis "It is the castle of Miguel de Castro, Marquis de Cantara."

"I have heard the name; an old grandee long since retired from the world, and—if I remember rightly—he was possessed of a daughter beautiful beyond expression."

A deep sigh came from Gomez's lips.

"Ah, my friend!" he cried, "oft have I scoffed at love's wild, delirious passion, but then I had not seen Zarifa de Castro."

"That is the name of a Moorish maid, and not the fitting appellation for a Christian's daughter!" Torrejon exclaimed in astonishment.

The Moors upon Mahound;
There were twelve hundred slain
All in that little plot of ground."
—OLD BALLAD.

OVER Granada's far-famed walls the Moorish banner waved, but closely circled in was the ancient town by the gaudy pennons of the knights of Leon, Castile and Aragon.
Ferdinand and Isabella had wedded, thus for the first time uniting all of Christian Spain under one government, and with determined sword the allied army had pursued the common foe, the insolent and overbearing Moor, who had, since the fatal battle, when doomed Roderick, on the banks of the Guadalete, saw his army melt away like snow before the sun, and the cross go down before the crescent, lorded it over the best part of Spain.

But, little by little, the Spaniards had gained

released Zarifa from her oath, and placing her hand within the Spaniard's bade her wed him.

And so the soldier won his bride, and never in the after time, when years came thick upon him, did he regret the result of his battle beneath the moon, nor cease to prize the treasure that his wager won. that his wager won.

Such a Bargain.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

It was Saturday morning. A busy day, as all tidy housekeepers know. And in Mrs. Charley Grigg's cosey home busier than usual, for her hired girl had gone home for a few days' visit to a sick mother, and all the household cares devolved upon little Mrs. Susie's own pretty shoulders.

However, she was quick and neat.

The parlor and sitting-room and her own little bedroom were swept and dusted, all trim and tidy, at an early hour. She next turned her attention to bringing the dining-room cupboards and closets all into good order. The doors were all open, and the shelves in a state of disarray, when a rap came upon the dining-room door, which opened upon a side porch.

Expecting to see her next door neighbor, who often came that way, Mrs. Grigg opened the door. But, instead of her neighbor, she beheld a small, dark, swarthy man, who carried a huge pack upon his back, and a large basket of china and other ornaments upon his arm.

Without waiting for au invitation he popped his pack down upon the floor, and began to display his basket of wares, endeavoring with a voluble tongue to drive a bargain with Susie.

"I not ask no monish," he said, in broken patois; "you got some old clo?—one, two, dree coatsh, vat de goot man not, never, no more wears? You gits him—I gif you de pretty vase, eh? You understan? Eh?"

Susie told him she understood, while her eyes were fixed upon a pair of pretty Parian vases, which she greatly desired to own.

Money she could not spare just then. But she bethought herself of sundry old garments which hung up-stairs, and felt sorely tempted.

"I know he don't approve of my trading with peddlers," she thought, "but these vases are so pretty! And I do want them so badly! I don't believe Charley will ever need those old duds any more, either."

The result was, that Susie agreed to show her old clothes. The peddler sat down upon his big pack, and began to whistle merrily, while she went up-stairs to bring them down.

The merry while he proposed to let her have them for half that price, and take hi

old clothes.

After a good bit of arguing on both sides the bargain was struck. Susie took the pretty vases and the peddler tucked Charley's clothes into his big pack, shouldered it, picked up his basket, and took a "new departure."

Susie carried her treasures into the parlor, disposed of them in the most conspicuous place, stopped a little to admire them once more, and then hastened to get dinner. But it was already so late that, though she hurried as fast as she could, Charley came in just as she was beginning to set the table.

"Hallo, little woman, seems to me you're behind the times to-day! Had callers?" was his greeting.

hind the times to-day! Had callers?" was his greeting.

"Yes, I am a little late; I was hindered," answered Susie, "but I didn't have callers. That is, not exactly. There was a china peddler here, and I made such a bargain, Charley! Just come into the parlor and see!"

Charley followed her, and inspected the vases with a comical smile.

"Til bet you gave him all the clothes I had in the world for them," he said.

"Oh, Charley, indeed I didn't! Only two or three old coats which you would never wear again! And they are real Parian, for he said so! It was such a bargain!"

"Shouldn't wonder if it was! But come, little woman, let's have dinner, some time. You're tired and hurried—I'll set the table for you, shall I?"

"Yes, if you please. Here's the cloth."

"Yes, if you please. Here's the cloth."
Charley had helped Susie before when she had no girl, so he went about setting the table as handily as a woman. Presently he called out

I say, Susie, where are your spoons and

"Why, in their places, of course. Spoons in the holder, and forks and napkin-rings in the

"Not as I can see," said Charley.
"But they must be!" insisted Susie. "I put them there this very morning."
"Come and see for yourself, then. Here's the holder, and here's the fork-basket, empty and

"Why, Charley!" Susie came to the closet and looked in utter amazement, but Charley

was right.

"Where do you keep your castor and cake-basket?" asked Charley.

"On the third— Oh, Charley! my goodness gracious! they're both gone!" And Susie sunk, pale and breathless, into a chair.

"Sure enough!" And Charley gave a long, shrill whistle. "They're stolen, sure as a gun!"

"Why, who could have done it?" breathed Susie

"Why, who could have done it?" breathed Susie.
"Oh, that's clear enough! Was your peddler alone in the room here, this morning?"
"Ye—es—a little while. Only while I went up-stairs to get the old clothes. But, indeed, Charley, he sat down on his pack, right by the door, and I heard him whistling all the time I was gone. I don't see how he could have done it."

There was nobody else here?"
Not a soul."

"Not a soul."

"And you have not been away from the house yourself?"

"Not a single moment."

"Oh! well, then, there's no use in looking any further for the thief. It was the peddler, of course. Though I hardly see how he could open and shut all the doors without your hearing."

"Oh, Charley! I was just beginning to clear up the closet shelves, (you know it is Saturday morning), and the doors were all open and things standing about when he came!"

"That explains it, then! Well, Susie, I think you did make such a bargain! You've lost about thirty dollars' worth of silver, and a lot of clothes which might, at least, have done some good for somebody poorer than ourselves, and

of clothes which might, at least, have done some good for somebody poorer than ourselves, and you've got a pair of vases which I solemnly declare to you I could buy at any store in town for fifty cents! Such a bargain, with a vengeance." It was too much for poor Susie. The dinner was forgotten, and down she dropped upon a stool, covered her face with her apron, and burst into fears. stool, covered her face with her apron, and burst into tears.

Then Mr. Charley, like the good husband that

he really was, had to soothe her into quiet and assure her that he didn't mean to scold her, and was sorry for her, and all that.

And though Susie knew she had acted like a little simpleton, and deserved a good scolding, she didn't want to take it, and was crying as much at the thought of Charley's displacements.

she didn't want to take it, and was crying as much at the thought of Charley's displeasure, as at the loss of her silver.

So, when she found he was not going to reproach her, she dried her tears, and begged him to find some way to catch the rascal.

But Charley knew he might as well try to catch the wind. He did make some inquiries but they resulted in nothing. The silver, (most of it wedding gifts), was a dead loss.

But Susie had learned one lesson. It did not take her long to dismiss a peddler and lock the door in his face, after that.

And the very next week she gave the hate-



And then joined they issue in a most desperate fight.

right hand, grasping it nearly in the center of the haft while it lay flat upon the earth.

Again the jaguar hesitated and again the plaintive cry of the wounded deer sounded upon the night air, and the form of the jaguar was seen in the air, in the act of leaping. Ned bounded to his feet, unable to endure more, and the heavy rifle sprung to his shoulder with a quick motion. But the captain, who saw that he could not fire without danger to the life of the Indian—who, still extending his arm toward the jaguar, continued his taunting gestures—all the proud chivalry of Leon, Aragon. Castile and Marcia were in the allied ranks of the production of the plant of the plant of the production of the plant of the plant of the turbaned conqueror, and now at last the day came when the Spanish banner encircled Granada, the last city in Spain over which waved the Moorish crescent.

And to expel the hated foe from their last stronghold every man in Spain who could carry arms had flocked to where the blended banner of Ferdinand and Isabella, floated high or the plant of the turbaned conqueror, and now at last the day came when the Spanish banner encircled Granada, the last city in Spain over which waved the Moorish crescent.

And to expel the hated foe from their last stronghold every man in Spain who could carry arms had flocked to where the blended banner of Ferdinand and Isabella, floated high or the plant of the turbaned conqueror, and now at last the day came when the Spanish banner encircled Granada, the last city in Spain over which waved the Moorish creecent. the jaguar, continued his taunting gestures—lashed the rifle aside.

The last leap of the savage creature brought him face to face with the Indian—so close in-deed that the extended hand almost touched the deed that the extended hand almost touched the animal's head. Again their eyes met, and it seemed for a moment that the stern gaze of the Indian chief would cow the jaguar. But, as the menacing gesture was repeated, the jaguar sprung forward, and his strong teeth closed sprung forward, and his strong teeth closed upon the cloth enveloping the arm of the Gua-

Captain Ralph drew his revolver and sprung forward, but even in mid career he paused, for he saw that Hualta knew what he was doing when he thrust his arm into the open jaws of

the American tiger.

The creature, like the bulldog, never lets go his hold; so, drawing back his arm, he plunged the sharp-pointed spear into the broad breast of the jaguar, directing it with unerring certainty at the heart.

"His aim was only too true, for the monster

gave a convulsive bound which snapped the spear close to the hand of the chief, and left him wholly defenseless.

But he folded his arms proudly and waited,

while Captain Ralph ran up to throw himself in

while Captain Raiph ran up to throw himself in the way.

But he was not needed. Only one more spring the mad creature gave, and then fell in a heap, and rolled over on his side, dead.

"Well done, Hualta! Well done!" cried Ralph.

"You have deserved well the name of chief.
Only the bravest of men dare to wait for the rush of such a creature. Ha! look out!"

The warning came just in time, for the female jaguar suddenly leaped out of the bushes, and was seen making with great bounds toward the captain.

It was the mate of the slain jaguar coming to was the chief's reply. "When you see him you will know that I have not lied to you."

They passed on through the dim arches of the woods, the chief in advance, and at last came out in an opening in the forest where Hualta paused and signed to them to be silent. Then, raising his fingers to his mouth, he gave utterance to a low, plaintive cry, like that of a wounded deer. Ned started and looked around him, for it seemed to him that the animal was near at hand. Scarcely had the first note

day came when the Spanish banner encircled Granada, the last city in Spain over which waved the Moorish crescent.

And to expel the hated foe from their last stronghold every man in Spain who could carry arms had flocked to where the blended banner of Ferdinand and Isabella, floated high on the breeze. All the proud chivalry of Leon, Aragon, Castile and Marcia were in the allied ranks, and from amid all this noble array no braver gentleman could be picked than Gomez del Mercato, a direct descendant of the famous Ruy de Bivar, the Cid, renowned in Spanish history.

Gay Gomez, as he was aptly termed, was as good a lance, as brave a man and as polished a courtier as all the land of Old Spain held within her confines, whether Christian or Moor; the Saracens, gentle reader, were not the barbarians that evil-minded writers have made them out, but on the contrary a race far excelling in polish and civilization the Christians whom they conquered.

Gay Gomez! the lightest heart in all the

Gay Gomez! the lightest heart in all the Spanish host! the man, too, whose boast it was that his pulse had never quickened at the soft flash of a woman's eye!

And, at a tale of love, how he would jest and laugh and swear by good Saint James that the maiden lived not who could touch his heart of

"But, he who boasts of never falling should avoid the ice or else his treacherous heels may make his quick tongue out a liar!" saith the old proverb, and the ancient saw is a wise one.

And so it came to pass, after the Spanish army had besieged Granada for a month and a day, that Gay Gomez suddenly lost his right to the title by becoming as melancholy a man as any sighing swain that followed a hopeless suit, lived on thin air and spent the night in breathing soft complainings to the listless moon instead of snoring like a sensible mortal in bed.

Men wondered and men questioned but Gomez satisfied them not. But, he who boasts of never falling should

ez satisfied them not.

No boy was he to expose his grief to the gaze

No boy was he to expose his grief to the gaze of every curious eye.

One particular friend had the young Spaniard—a knght of Leon, a brave gallant, hot as fire and true as steel, Pedro Torrejon by name.

And now, since these fits of melancholy had seized upon Gomez, it was his custom with a chosen band of swordsmen to wander by night

in search of adventure.

Torrejon always accompanied him. A true friend was brave Pedro, and he never attempted to penetrate the secret of Gomez's melancholy.

One night the little band rode forth as usual; the moon was high in the heavens, as round as the shield of a Moorish warrior, and the plain beneath was as light as by day.

a chance encounter and the weight of a good Christian lance to free her from the hated Hardly had the knight finished the story when own into the valley rode a single Moorish

Unwittingly proud Andalla had ridden into His bright steel flashed from its sheath as the mail-clad Spaniards closed in around him; but what could a single warrior do against a

host?

"Now yield ye, Andalla!" Gomez cried.
"Not to thee, Gay Gomez!" the Moor replied, recognizing the Christian upon the instant. "Defiance I bid thee unto the death. I know thine errand here only too well. You seek Zarifa, but she is not for thee. Her maid has betrayed her secret, and her father has forced her to swear if she weds me not, she will ne'er wed until I bid her; so even if I fall beneath your Spanish swords, my death robs you of the Spanish swords, my death robs you of the

"A wager to thee, proud Moor!" cried Gay Gomez, in hostile heat. "My men shall draw off and in single fight will I meet thee, the lady pending upon the issue. If you conquer me, then my life is thine and the maid to boot, but if the chance of war gives me the victory, then must you freely bid Zarifa wed with me. No advantage do I seek. I will doff my armor and encounter thee with unprotected breast."

The Moor, after the fashion of his race, wore

no defensive armor.

"Oh, no!" cried Andalla, quickly, "the weight of your mail is an advantage to me. I accept your wager, and we will e'en to it as we are. Andalla needs no steel but that in the blade of his sword and in the good round buckler wherewith he guards his life."

"Saint James and Spain!" cried the Christian, as he rode full tilt at the gallant Moor.

And then joined they issue in a most desperate fight. no defensive armor.

Many a bloody fray had the stout Spaniards witnessed, but never so equal and so uncertain a struggle as this one beneath the glimpses of Thrice had Andalla's blade pierced through

the harness of Gay Gomez, and each time blood had reddened the steel, but the mail had blunt-ed the blow, and the wounds though ugly were not mortal not mortal.

Skillful as was the Moor, and cunningly as he managed his well-trained steed, there came a time when his efforts were in vain, and the long, straight sword of the Spaniard, breaking through the guard of the Moor, cut asunder silken turban and perfumed hair, clove the skull beneath, and proud Andala was kurled socielest the

and proud Andalla was hurled senseless to the

Plain.

He was carried into the tower to die; but ere his spirit fled, like a noble warrior as he was, he lock the door in its lace, after that.

And the very next week she gave the hateful little vases away to ner washerwoman, just to get rid of the sight of such a bargain.